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ART. I. — *The Life of William Roscoe.* By his Son,
HENRY ROSCOE. Two volumes. Boston: Russell, Odi-
orne & Co. pp. 380, 374.

MR ROSCOE'S character is the noblest legacy he could have left to his children, his country and the world. Born in humble life, he rose by his virtues and industry to the first literary rank in England, and his friendship became the pride of the proudest in the realm. How were these honors won? By what means came the name of William Roscoe to be associated with the greatest efforts of love of mankind, love of art, love of learning, and love of truth? How chanced that lowly born man to have given a model of a pure and upright life, passed in the serenity of wisdom, lighted up by the largest learning, and adorned by all the graces of polite accomplishments and liberal hospitality? The biography of Mr Roscoe, by his son, gives a lively account of the whole matter.

Mr Roscoe was born on the 8th of March, 1753, in Liverpool. In early childhood, he showed those dispositions which formed his future character, and received from a kind and affectionate mother those humane teachings which guided the warm feelings of his heart aright. At the age of six, he was placed under the tuition of Mr Martin, and devoted his time to English reading. Two years later he was

removed to Mr Sykes, by whom he was taught English grammar, writing and arithmetic. At the age of twelve, he left school. The following extract presents his character and situation at that time, in his own words.

"According to my best recollection, I was at this period of my life of a wild, rambling, and unsocial disposition; passing many of my hours in strolling along the shore of the river Mersey, or in fishing, or in taking long walks alone. On one occasion, I determined to become a sportsman; and, having procured a gun, and found an unfortunate thrush perched on the branch of a tree, I brought him to the ground with fatal aim; but I was so horrified and disgusted with the agonies I saw him endure in death, that I have never since repeated the experiment.

"Having quitted school, and committed my English grammar to the flames, I now began to assist my father in his agricultural concerns, particularly in his business of cultivating potatoes for sale, of which, he every year grew several acres, and which he sold, when produced early in the season, at very advanced prices. His mode of cultivation was entirely by the spade; and, when raised early, they were considered in that part of Lancashire as a favorite esculent. When they had attained their proper growth, we were accustomed to carry them to the market on our heads, in large baskets, for sale, where I was generally intrusted with the disposal of them, and soon became a very useful assistant to my father. In this and other laborious occupations, particularly in the care of a garden, in which I took great pleasure, I passed several years of life, devoting my hours of relaxation to reading my books. This mode of life gave health and vigor to my body, and amusement and instruction to my mind; and to this day I well remember the delicious sleep which succeeded my labors, from which I was again called at an early hour. If I were now asked whom I consider to be the happiest of the human race, I should answer, those who cultivate the earth by their own hands.

"Being now in my fifteenth year, I was called upon to make choice of a profession, when my attachment to reading induced me to prefer that of a bookseller. I was accordingly placed with Mr Gore, a respectable tradesman in Liverpool; but, after remaining there for a month, and not finding the attendance on a shop reconcilable to my disposition, I quitted him, and returned to my labors. In the following year (1769) I was, however, articulated, for six years, to Mr John Eyes, jun., a young attorney and solicitor in Liverpool; and thus entered upon an anxious and troublesome profession. I passed all the hours I had to spare in perusing such authors as fell in my way, among whom Shenstone was my great favorite, till from admiring I began to imitate him.

Amongst several of these early productions, I find I have preserved the following verses in his praise :—

“ ON MR SHENSTONE AND HIS WRITINGS.

“ O Shenstone, favorite of the Nine
What sweetly varying powers are thine !
'Tis thou canst bid the soul to glow
With purest joy, or melt with woe ;
O'er thee bright Fancy waves her wings,
And strikes for thee the trembling strings,
And soft Simplicity combines
To warble through thine artless lines.
Far from the glittering scenes of care,
Thou breathed content thy native air ;
Too good for wealth, too great for pride,
Thou lived beloved — respected died.
When first thy genuine warblings stole
With gentlest magic on my soul,
So soft, so sweet, so clear, so strong
The tide of music roll'd along,
That, quite enraptured by the strains,
Methought with thee I trod the plains,
Reclined with thee in shady bowers,
Survey'd with thee the opening flowers,
The spacious lawn, the rising hill,
The rural cot and sparkling rill ;
But soon the dear delusion fled,
And left reflection in its stead.

“ On one occasion, my master, having unexpectedly made his appearance in our office intended for business, into which he seldom entered, found a copy of these lines lying on the desk, which, having read, he asked if they were mine, and being answered in the affirmative, paid me what I then thought a great compliment, by observing, that I must have copied them from some other writer. This admiration of Shenstone, I retained for several years, as I find by some lines, written at a subsequent period, where, referring to the animosity with which poets too often regard the talents of each other, I have said,—

“ Why pour'd sweet Shenstone his enchanting lay,
Stamp'd as a trifle in the page of Gray,
Or why should Gray deserve a better fate,
Below the good, but far above the great,
While Johnson tears the laurel from his bust,
Degrades his memory, and profanes his dust ?

“ Shenstone was not, however, long the sole object of my poetical adoration ; his claims being divided with Goldsmith, whose ‘Deserted Village’ was first published about this period, and passed through several editions. That these authors have fallen into neglect, when compared with the more energetic and ambitious poets of the present day, I am well aware, and yet I know not whether these writers are not as deserving of estimation as those of modern times, who, in endeavoring to become more

natural, have too often fallen into the vulgar and the mean, and, instead of improving, have debased the public taste." pp. 7-11.

During his professional studies, Mr Roscoe found time and opportunity to cultivate those studies, in which he afterwards became so much distinguished. His companions were young men of similar dispositions. In this respect Mr Roscoe seems to have been peculiarly fortunate. The sketch of Francis Holden is uncommonly interesting. His acquaintance with persons of cultivated intellect and warm sensibility, added to the natural ardor of his temperament, led Mr Roscoe to frequent poetical essays, at a very early period of life. In the year 1773, he assisted in founding a society for the encouragement of the arts of Painting and Design in Liverpool, on which occasion he gave the world, at the age of twenty, for the first time, a poetical work, in the form of an ode, which was well received. About the same time, he published another poem, called *Mount Pleasant*, which contains the first expression of his opinions on the slave trade, to the abolition of which he afterwards so powerfully contributed. Among the interesting facts belonging to this period of Mr Roscoe's life is to be reckoned the composition of a volume called "*Christian Morality as contained in the Precepts of the New Testament, in the language of Jesus Christ.*" This work he had many years afterwards the pleasure of showing to the celebrated Ram-mohun Roy, who had compiled for his countrymen a treatise on precisely the same plan.

In the year 1774, Mr Roscoe began the practice of his profession, as an Attorney of the Court of King's Bench, in Liverpool. About this period of his life, he became acquainted with an amiable and accomplished lady, Miss Jane Griffies, to whom he was afterwards married. Extracts from the correspondence of the lovers, show them both to have been *uncommonly* gifted with *common* sense — a kind of sense that is anything but common, especially among persons "in their situation," to use the words of Mrs Major Waddle. He was married in 1781, and exhibited in his domestic relations all that nobleness of character, that generous warmth of feeling, and that cultivated and enlightened literary taste, which marked his earlier years. The efforts of his mind now became of a more public nature, and the eyes of all were turned toward him with interest and hope.

But in the midst of these political excitements, Roscoe found time to carry forward his Italian studies with great vigor and effect. The following account of the composition of his first great work, the *Life of Lorenzo*, is well worth quoting.

“ It has already been observed, that the idea of writing the life of Lorenzo de’ Medici occurred to Mr Roscoe at an early period of his life, when, with the assistance of his friend, Francis Holden, he first began to study the literature of Italy. Amid the avocations of business, and the variety of other pursuits in which his taste or his duty led him to engage, the design slumbered, but was not forgotten. In perusing the Italian historians, and especially the Florentine annals of Machiavelli and Ammirato, he was accustomed to note the various passages which threw a light on the life and character of Lorenzo. His reading was at the same time directed as well to the writers of that age, as to those later authors, such as Crescembeni, Muratori, and Tiraboschi, who have illustrated the literature of their country by their critical labors. Unfortunately, Liverpool did not at that period possess any public library to which, when he found his own collection deficient, he could resort; and amongst the first difficulties which he experienced in the prosecution of his task, was the heavy and discouraging one of a want of materials. This deficiency he had in part supplied by the diligence with which he examined the catalogues of the London booksellers, and the zeal with which, during his visits to the metropolis, he sought for the volumes which his labors required. Fortunately, also, the sale of the Crevenna and Pinelli libraries, occurring at this period, enabled him to procure many scarce and valuable works, for which he had hitherto inquired in vain. But the riches treasured up in the literary repositories of Italy still remained inaccessible to him; and his professional engagements precluded every idea of his being able to make a personal examination of them. Even if the zeal of a foreign agent could be relied upon, who could be discovered with knowledge and judgment equal to the task? ‘The impracticability of obtaining in this country,’ says Mr Roscoe, in the preface to his *Life of Lorenzo*, ‘the information of which I stood in need, would perhaps have damped the ardor of any undertaking, had not a circumstance presented itself, in the highest degree favorable to my purpose. An intimate friend, with whom I had been many years united in studies and affection, had paid a visit to Italy, and had fixed his winter residence at Florence. I well knew that I had only to request his assistance, in order to obtain whatever information he had an opportunity of procuring from the very spot

which was to be the scene of my intended history. My inquiries were particularly directed to the Laurentian and Riccardi Libraries, which I was convinced would afford much original and interesting information. It would be unjust, merely to say that my friend afforded me the assistance I required; he went far beyond even the hopes I had formed; and his return to his native land was, if possible, rendered still more grateful to me, by the materials he had collected for my use.

"The gentleman to whom Mr Roscoe was indebted for these important obligations, was Mr William Clarke, the companion of his early studies, and the devoted friend of his maturer life. The state of his health having compelled him to seek a milder climate, he selected Italy as the place of his residence; and arriving in that country in 1789, he resolved to pass the winter at Fiesole, where he rented a furnished *villula* for the term of six months. The distance of Fiesole from Florence not being more than three miles, Mr Clarke was in the daily habit of visiting the latter place, and of spending his mornings in the public libraries. Thus situated in the midst of those treasures which Mr Roscoe so ardently desired to possess, himself an excellent classical scholar, and devoted to literary occupations, no one could have been discovered better qualified than Mr Clarke, for the agreeable task which his friend imposed upon him. At the close of the year 1789, Mr Roscoe informed him of his design, and requested his assistance in the prosecution of it. This was readily and joyfully granted; though not without many expressions of regret that his friend was unable personally to join him in his researches. 'I wish,' he says, in a letter dated January 9, 1790, 'you could have come into Italy yourself, to animate my researches, or rather to render them useless, by your native penetration and accumulated *savoir*;' and again, in a letter written during the following month, — 'How much I lament the impossibility of our being together in Florence! A month passed on the spot would considerably enrich your work. As I fear it cannot be as I wish, accept my endeavors to supply the desideratum.'

"The zeal and diligence of Mr Clarke in the service of his friend induced him to lose no time in inquiring into the various literary repositories of Florence. To the credit of the Grand Duke, his palaces, galleries, museums, and libraries, were thrown open, in the most liberal manner, to every stranger desirous of visiting them; while, in the other cities of Italy, access to the public collections was only to be obtained by means of a bribe. Even the public archives and state papers, lodged in the Palazzo Vecchio, — documents, which the jealousy of other governments has guarded with a scrupulous secrecy, — were accessible, on presenting to the Grand Duke a memorial, the prayer of which

was never refused. To these valuable repositories, and also to the extensive library of the Marquis Riccardi, Mr Clarke resorted; and with the assistance of the very learned Canonico Bandini, the Grand Duke's librarian, and of the Abbate Fontani, the keeper of the Riccardi Library, he gained access to many curious and valuable manuscripts relating to the history of the Medici. These he carefully examined, making notes of such portions of them as appeared most likely to furnish materials for his friend. From the copious and excellent catalogue, by Bandini, of the MSS. preserved in the Laurentian Library, he extracted the titles of such as contained the desired information. 'I wish,' he observes, in a letter dated February 4, 1790, 'you had an opportunity of examining the catalogue; because, it would enable you to point out to me what you would have me examine; but, as I foresee that this is not likely to be in your power, I shall go on in the method I have begun, that is, of taking an account of all such materials as seem to be connected with your plan, with accurate references, as you desire; so that on a review of these materials *tête-à-tête*, we can send our commissions to this city, to have the needful transcriptions made. There will be no difficulty in finding amanuenses here for that purpose.' Nor did Mr Clarke confine himself to an examination of the manuscript treasures of Florence. He assiduously sought for the printed works of the authors who have illustrated the Medicean age; and when able to procure copies of those which Mr Roscoe did not possess, he transmitted them to Liverpool. With the view of making himself well acquainted with the subject, he twice perused the Life of Lorenzo by Fabroni, with an especial reference to the authorities of that writer. 'In a few days,' he says, in a letter dated in the month of March, 1790, 'I remove to Florence, to remain there from fifteen to twenty days, totally occupied with your hero, who has won my warmest veneration. I have gone through (twice) Fabroni's work. Many of his authorities will be useful to you. The life, which is composed in Latin, with labored attention to the style, has more regard to the public conduct of Lorenzo than to his private character; with, however, some animadversions upon his patronage of learning and the arts. Yours, I am convinced, will be a more entertaining work. I need not recommend your taking time to digest it well. As I now know the principal sources that may afford materials, before I leave Florence I shall take such a general view of them, that I can leave or send directions to have what is most within the compass of your plan copied and transmitted.'

"With the valuable materials thus fortunately supplied to him, Mr Roscoe proceeded with double ardor to the completion of his laborious yet agreeable task. Amongst the unpublished pieces

transmitted to him from Florence, were many original poems of Lorenzo de' Medici, of whose poetical talents Mr Roscoe had already formed a very high opinion. A small collection of these inedited pieces he sent to the press in the year 1791; and a limited impression of only twelve copies was printed, to be distributed amongst his literary friends. The volume is appropriately inscribed to Mr Clarke, in a short dedication written in Italian, from which we may gather that no inconsiderable progress was already made in his *Life of Lorenzo*. 'Ben sapete,' he says, 'che il **MAGNIFICO LORENZO** autore di essi, vero Mecenate, e restauratore delle belle lettere nel secolo decimo quinto, è da molto tempo l'oggetto di mia somma reverenza, ed ammirazione; applicandomi io ad investigar le particolarità della sua vita, la quale spero mettere fra poco sotto gli occhi de' miei compatriotti, forse più estesamente, che non hanno fatto il Valori ed il Fabroni.' 'Godo,' he adds, in conclusion, 'che nel consecrare questo leggier tributo alla memoria d' un uomo degno di perpetua lode e venerazione, mi sia presentata occasione d' unire insieme i nostri nomi siccome i nostri studj geniali ci hanno già da molti anni —

'In nodo d' amistà congiunti, e stretti.' " Vol. I. pp. 106-111.

Testimonies in favor of his work flowed in fast and full, from the highest quarters, and of the most flattering description; Lord Orford, the Earl of Bristol, and many others distinguished in rank and letters, expressed their admiration in the warmest terms. The author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, though differing essentially from Roscoe in his political faith, paid him the following just and beautiful tribute.

"But hark! what solemn strains from Arno's vales
Breathe raptures wafted on the Tuscan gales!
LORENZO rears again his awful head,
And feels his ancient glories round him spread;
The Muses starting from their trance revive,
And at their Roscoe's bidding wake and live."

He adds in a note;

"I cannot but congratulate the public upon this great and important addition to classical history, which I regard as a phenomenon in literature in every point of view.

"It is pleasant to consider a gentleman not under the auspices of an university, nor beneath the shade of academic bowers, but in the practice of the law, and business of great extent, and resident in the remote commercial town of Liverpool (where nothing is heard of but Guinea ships, slaves, blacks, and merchandise), investigating and describing the rise and progress of every polite art in Italy, at the revival of learning, with acuteness, depth, and

precision, with the spirit of the poet and the solidity of the historian.

"For my own part I have not terms sufficient to express my admiration of his genius and erudition, or my gratitude for the amusement and information I have received. I may add that the manner in which Mr Roscoe procured from the libraries of Florence many of the various inedited manuscripts with which he has enriched the appendix to his history, was singularly curious; not from a fellow or traveller of the dilettanti, but from a commercial man in the intervals of his employment." Vol. I. pp. 124—125.

The work was quickly translated into French, Italian, and German, and was republished in America.

In 1796, Mr Roscoe relinquished his profession, and engaged in a project which he had some time before formed, of draining and cultivating an extensive tract of peat-moor in the neighborhood of Manchester. In 1797, he visited London, and was entered at Gray's Inn, but kept only one term. This visit was, however, rendered delightful by an intercourse with the first men in the British capital, to whom his literary fame was the means of introducing him. In 1799, Mr Roscoe became the purchaser of a beautiful seat in the neighborhood of Liverpool, called Allerton Hall, where he had an opportunity of indulging his taste for rural life. Towards the end of the same year, however, he engaged in the affairs of the banking house, which ultimately led to the disastrous bankruptcy that threw a cloud over the close of his life.

Mr Roscoe's correspondence with his wife, during occasional absences from home, is a pleasing exhibition of his mild and humane character, and of the mutual confidence that existed between them. We cannot take particular notice of many incidents and traits that make the private life of this accomplished gentleman, a model, most worthy to be imitated. His favorite tastes were constantly showing themselves in the purchase of books and prints; for it seems that at a very early age his passion for literature was associated with the love of art. The occasional poems of Mr Roscoe show a pretty correct ear for verse-making, but not much of the inborn genius of song. They are the warm outpouring of a richly cultivated mind, rather than the full, strong, and onward-bearing tide that "*labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*" But the prose pamphlets are much better specimens of his power. They are marked by a grave

and sustained eloquence, full of moral sentiments worthy to be engraven on the memory of every freeman. It is surprising to see how far the good sense and remarkable generalizing power of Mr Roscoe enabled him to foresee the course of public opinion and of popular demands, in regard more especially to the slave question and the subject of reform. On the French Revolution he sided with Mr Fox, and stood out strongly against Pitt, Burke and Canning. The heat of political opposition disturbed the serenity of his mind, and led him to the uttering of opinions, which the coolness and candor of after-thought ought to have softened down. The bringing up of these violent declamations will perhaps be looked upon as injudicious and uncalled for ; but at least they illustrate the life and character of the man.

Mr Roscoe's next great work, the *Life of Leo X.* was resumed in the year 1800. Public enterprises, of great importance to science and letters in his native town, also occupied much of his attention. The following extract gives an account of the publication of *Leo X.*

"At length, in the summer of 1805, the work, which had been in the press upwards of two years, was published. The first impression, which consisted of one thousand copies, being double the number of the first edition of *Lorenzo*, was nearly all disposed of soon after its publication ; and the most gratifying expectations were entertained by the author, with regard to the success of a work which he looked upon as the completion of his former task, and the termination of his historical labors. 'Although the "*Life of Leo X.*,"' he says, in an unpublished tract, 'is given to the public as a separate and independent work, yet it is evident that I considered it as a sort of continuation of my former history of the "*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.*" The transactions that occurred in the interval between the death of *Lorenzo* and the election of *Leo* include some events of the greatest curiosity and importance in modern history ; and I was, therefore, unwilling to pass over them by a meagre and uninteresting narrative. Let me also confess, however it may subject me to the charge of arrogance and presumption, that I was desirous of embracing, as far as my subject would allow, the history of the principal events in Europe, from the downfall of Constantinople to the accession of Charles V. ; and of thus connecting, although by a link of very inferior workmanship, the golden histories of Gibbon and Robertson.

"Mr Roscoe, as was his custom, presented copies of his new work to many of his friends, and to a few distinguished persons

to whom he was anxious to show his regard. Amongst the latter was Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, to whom the volumes were sent, accompanied by the following letter :—

“ It is with particular pleasure that I avail myself of the opportunity afforded me, by the publication of my “ *History of the Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*,” of requesting you will do me the honor of accepting a copy, as a very humble but sincere mark of the respectful esteem and attachment of the author. In thus venturing to introduce my own productions to your notice, I am sensible I may be accused of presumption ; but from such a charge I find a sufficient shelter in the reflection, that history is the peculiar study of those in high stations, whose opinions and conduct have an important influence on the destiny of mankind. I also flatter myself with the hope that the principles contained in this work will be found in unison with those sentiments of enlightened toleration, liberal policy, and universal benevolence, which have been no less strikingly evinced in your practice, than energetically recommended and enforced in your public addresses to the nation over which you preside.

“ I have transmitted these volumes through the hands of my particular friend, Mr Ralph Eddowes, of Philadelphia ; who some years since left this place to reside with his family in America, and whose talents, integrity, and temperate firmness would do credit to any country.”

“ By some accident,” says Mr Jefferson in reply, “ which has not been explained to me, your letter of June 4, 1805, and the copy of your “ *History of the Pontificate of Leo X.*,” which you were so kind as to destine for me, have lain in one of our custom-houses near a twelvemonth. The letter is now received, and the book expected by the first conveyance. I pray you to receive my thanks for this mark of your attention ; and I anticipate with pleasure the reading of a work, which, for its taste and science, will, I doubt not, stand worthily on the shelf with the “ *Life of Lorenzo de’ Medici.*” My busy countrymen are as yet too actively occupied to enter the lists in the race of science. When the more extended improvement of their country, and its consequent wealth, shall bring them the necessary leisure, they will begin their career on the high ground prepared by their transatlantic brethren, from the days of Homer to the present time. May the range of their flight be worthy of the height from which it commences ; and may the due employment of the talent given them by their masters in that line merit to them the benediction of “ *Well done, good and faithful servants !*” I pray you to accept my salutations, and assurances of great respect and consideration.” Vol. I. pp. 237-240.

In 1807, Mr Roscoe became a member of Parliament for Liverpool, and had the honor and happiness of assisting in carrying through the bill for the abolition of the slave trade. His speech on this occasion, does much honor to his head and heart. His public entrance into his native place was, however, the occasion of a disgraceful riot, which determined Mr Roscoe to withdraw from the next contest; but his conduct during his short parliamentary career was such as to merit the lasting praise of all whose praise was desirable to a man like him. Political affairs continued, after his retirement, to attract much of his attention, but did not wholly draw his mind from his favorite literary pursuits. The African Institution, also called largely upon his love of justice and philanthropy. The war with France was a theme of frequent and earnest appeals to the public, and the horrors of war are set forth in some of his pamphlets with a force of eloquence which Roscoe himself never surpassed.

In the year 1811, Mr Roscoe engaged in a correspondence with Mr Brougham, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. These illustrious men differed in their opinions, but conducted the controversy in a manly and excellent spirit, having but one end in view, the attainment of truth. He corresponded also with many other individuals, in a tone of deep earnestness, on the same absorbing theme. In the election of 1812, proposals were made to Mr Roscoe to stand for Westminster, which he respectfully declined. Mr Brougham was the Reform candidate in Liverpool, and was warmly supported by Mr Roscoe against Mr Canning. The latter gentleman came off victorious. After the election his speeches were published, and severely reviewed by Mr Roscoe, whose opinion had been roughly handled by that celebrated wit and statesman. After the tumult of the electioneering excitement had passed over, Mr Roscoe returned to his literary occupations, and devoted himself with untiring zeal to the success of many scientific societies, of which he was a distinguished and active member. About this time he made a visit to Holkham, the seat of Mr Coke, a gentleman distinguished for his taste, learning and liberal hospitality. The following extract gives some idea of the agreeableness of the visit.

“ At length, no longer able to resist his own inclinations and the kind solicitations of his friends, he paid his long wished for

visit to Holkham in the autumn of the year 1814. His reception was most gratifying to his feelings, and the society which he found assembled there most congenial to his taste. In addition to Sir James Smith, Dr Parr had been invited to meet him; and some other persons, distinguished by their literary attainments, were of the party. With several of the latter Mr Roscoe now, for the first time, became personally acquainted, and contracted with many of them a sincere friendship. This was the origin of his intimacy with Mr Dawson Turner of Yarmouth, for whom he ever afterwards entertained the highest esteem, and who, in the latter part of his life, was one of his most frequent and valuable correspondents. In the society of this gentleman and his family, at Yarmouth, he some years afterwards passed a few days; a visit to which he always adverted with lively expressions of pleasure.

"No sooner was Mr Roscoe established at Holkham than he entered upon the most interesting task of exploring the literary treasures of the place. Accompanied by Dr Parr, Sir J. E. Smith, and several other of the visitors, he proceeded to the upper library, an apartment at the top of the house, where, in consequence of their unsightly condition, the collection of manuscripts, and many of the rare printed books were deposited.

"These inestimable treasures had been collected chiefly in Italy in the early part of the last century, by Thomas Coke, Lord Lovel, and afterwards Earl of Leicester, the great uncle of the present possessor of Holkham. With much trouble and expense he amassed, while abroad, a great collection of works of art, manuscripts, and early printed books; but unfortunately, after their arrival in England, the MSS. were never properly arranged. Their value was little known, nor indeed were they in a fit state to be placed upon the shelves of a library. Few of them had been consulted by scholars, with the exception of seven remarkably fine manuscripts of Livy, which had been lent by Lord Lovel to Drakenborch, who has given an account of them in his edition of that historian, dedicated to his lordship. A partial examination into the manuscripts had been made by Sir J. E. Smith and some other gentlemen, before Mr Roscoe's visit; but the greater part of them still remained undisturbed.

"In the course of his inquiries, Mr Roscoe was delighted to find many volumes of extreme rarity and value. Amongst these the most remarkable was a volume of original drawings by Raffaele, of the architectural remains of ancient Rome, executed at the desire of Leo X., and mentioned by Camolli, in his life of the painter, as having been in the possession of 'Tomaso Coke, Lord Leicester.' Of this inestimable treasure some account had been given by Mr Roscoe, in his life of Leo X. 'That I should

have had,' he observes in a letter to Mr Coke, 'the good fortune of seeing and turning over at my leisure such a book, is almost incredible.' Another manuscript of nearly equal value was a treatise, written on paper, by the hand of Leonardo da Vinci, *alla mancina*, or from right to left, so that it can only be read with ease by the assistance of a mirror. The subject is a dissertation 'on the nature, weight, and force of water,' explained by numerous drawings on the margin, from the pen of the artist himself. But the production which most interested Mr Roscoe was a superb copy of Livy, which had been the property of Alfonso, King of Naples, to whom it was presented by Cosmo de Medici, *pater patriæ*, on the establishment of peace between Florence and Naples. Alfonso's physicians insinuated that the volume was poisoned; but the king, disregarding their suspicions, began with great pleasure the perusal of the work. It appears to be annotated by the king's own hand, and, amongst its subsequent possessors, once belonged to the celebrated Justus Lipsius. Another work of high value was a 'History of the Councils,' by Fra Paolo Sarpi (Father Paul,) which has never been published. Amongst many copies of the sacred writings was a very remarkable manuscript of the Pentateuch, in Hebrew, on deer skins, forming a roll thirtyeight feet in length, supposed by competent judges to be an Eastern transcript of high antiquity. To these may be added several unpublished manuscripts of Chief Justice Coke. These were only the gems of the collection, which included a variety of beautiful classical MSS., rare works of Italian history and poetry, (amongst which were several copies of Dante,) various English MSS., of much curiosity, and numerous other volumes, the rarity of which was often equalled by their beauty.

"Mr Roscoe was gratified beyond expression at the opportunity of examining at his leisure so rich and various a collection of literary treasures, and immediately offered his services in arranging them. It was necessary, however, that the whole of the volumes should pass through the hands of the binder, and he therefore recommended that they should be placed under the care of the late Mr John Jones, of Liverpool. By this arrangement the volumes would again come under his own eye, and he would have an opportunity of stating, in a short note to each, the nature of its contents, and its probable value.

"The manuscripts, many of which had been stripped of their covers previously to their importation from the continent, and some of which had been considerably injured, required the greatest skill and care in the binding. Fortunately, they could not have fallen into abler hands. The taste and ingenuity displayed by Mr Jones, to whom they were confided, could only be equalled by the zeal with which he devoted himself to the task.

Many of the manuscripts being defaced by *creases*, he invented a very simple but ingenious mode of restoring the pages, by stretching them in a frame, and covering the injured parts with a solution of vellum." Vol. II. pp. 63-67.

The bank with which Mr Roscoe was connected, became embarrassed in 1816. The history of his conduct on this trying occasion, is among the most interesting parts of the book. He devoted himself with heart and soul to the retrieving of the company's affairs. He gave up, not only his time and talents to that object, but brought his fine library, and his splendid collection of works of art to the hammer. After all his efforts, he was obliged to surrender his affairs into other's hands, and wind up the toils of painful years in bankruptcy in 1820. During this interval, the number and extent of his intellectual labors, amidst the cares of an involved situation, while breasting the current of adversity and striving for the benefit of others with extraordinary energy, were most astonishing. His merits were acknowledged by nearly all the learned societies of Christendom, of which he became successively an honorary member. The interest he manifested in the institutions in our own country, will endear him to the hearts of Americans. Many of our most distinguished scholars and eminent men, are enumerated among his friends and correspondents. In 1824, Mr Roscoe lost his excellent wife. Her character appears on many occasions in the most pleasing light, and her loss affected him severely. In 1825, he engaged in the important literary undertaking of giving a new edition of the poems of Pope. This engaged him in the well known controversy in which Mr Bowles and Lord Byron were the most distinguished combatants. But we must conclude this article by giving, in the words of the biographer, the account of the closing scene of Mr Roscoe's life, together with some traits of his character.

"During the spring of the year 1831 there was little alteration in Mr Roscoe's health, though it was obvious that he was becoming more and more feeble, and that any fresh attack of illness must prove eminently dangerous. He still continued to enjoy the society of his family, and of the friends who occasionally visited him; and when the weather permitted, he sometimes walked for a few minutes in his small garden, where he watched, with much pleasure, the progress of his few favorite flowers. He was fully sensible how very frail the tenure of his life had

become; and as he stood, a short time before his last attack of illness, admiring the beauty of a border of white lilies, he remarked that, perishable as they were, they would probably survive him. But no feeling of dejection was mingled with these thoughts. A few weeks before his death, in a conversation with his friend and physician, Dr Traill, he spoke calmly of his increasing feebleness and probable early dissolution. 'He thanked the Almighty for having permitted him to pass a life of much happiness, which, though somewhat checkered by vicissitude, had been, on the whole, one of great enjoyment; and he trusted that he should be enabled cheerfully to resign it whenever it pleased God to call him.'

"In this tranquil and happy frame of mind he continued to the last. Towards the conclusion of the month of June he suffered from a severe attack of a prevailing influenza, from which he appeared to have partially recovered, when, on the evening of Monday, the 27th of June, while listening to a letter which one of his sons was reading to him, containing an account of the progress of the Reform Bill, he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of shivering, accompanied by an almost total prostration of strength. He was, with difficulty, conveyed to his bed, from which he never again rose. At this trying hour, that confidence in the goodness of God, and that submission to His will, which had supported him in every vicissitude of his life, did not desert him, and he resigned himself, without one murmur, to the change which he well knew was near at hand. While yet able, with difficulty, to make himself understood, he said to Dr Traill, — 'Some people suffer much in dying; I do not suffer.' On the morning of Wednesday he indistinctly inquired from his highly valuable medical attendant, Mr Bickersteth, his opinion with regard to his situation; and, on receiving his reply, he took leave of him with affectionate composure, by extending to him his hand. Soon afterwards he became unable, from weakness, to articulate, though he retained his senses till within an hour of his death, which took place at eleven o'clock, on Thursday morning, the 30th of June. The immediate cause of his death was an effusion of water into the chest.

"He has himself described, in speaking of the death of Mr Reynolds, the feelings with which it became his family to regard their loss. 'If ever there was an occasion on which the tears we shed are tears of affection and tenderness, rather than of grief and distress, it is when a good man, full of years and honor, goes to receive the reward of his labors, leaving to those who are dearest to him the benefit of his example, the credit of his widely respected name, and the delightful hope that, by following in his track, they will finally be admitted to his society again in a happier state of being.'

"He was interred in the burying ground attached to the Unitarian Chapel in Renshaw Street, the service being performed by his valued and long tried friend, the Rev. William Shepherd. His funeral was attended by a very considerable body of his private friends, and of those whose esteem for his character induced them to show this voluntary mark of respect to his memory, and an eloquent and touching funeral sermon was preached on the 17th of July, by the Rev. J. H. Thom, the minister of Renshaw Street Chapel.

"Mr Roscoe left a family, surviving him, of six sons and two daughters. He had lost one daughter in infancy, and a son in mature age. His eldest daughter was married, in the year 1825, to Thomas Jevons, Esq., of Liverpool.

"Soon after his death a subscription was opened at Liverpool, for the purpose of raising a monument to his memory." Vol. II. pp. 319-321.

The following passages are taken from the general survey of Mr Roscoe's character at the end of the second volume.

"In taking even a cursory review of Mr Roscoe's life, the striking coherency of his opinions and conduct at every period of it will be visible. In politics his course was truly uniform and undeviating. Never, for a moment, in periods of disaster and of danger, when even brave men hesitated, did he abandon the open assertion of those liberal principles which then marked out their professors, not only to the jealousy of the government, but to public odium. Throughout the whole course of the French war he never ceased to oppose it, in public and in private, in his speeches and in his writings, as unjust, impolitic, and destructive. While he deeply lamented over the excesses of the French revolution, he did not, as many did, abandon the principles and the feelings which had led him to rejoice at its commencement. He knew that the crimes and the wickedness of man could not affect the immutable principles of justice and of freedom. In his attachment to parliamentary reform, which he regarded as necessary to the security of our own free institutions, he was inflexibly constant; and when many of the political friends with whom he had acted, and whose opinions he was accustomed to regard with respect, displayed a coldness on this question, which seemed to portend a total abandonment of it, Mr Roscoe became but the more warmly interested in its progress. From the age of seventeen, when he wrote his poem of 'Mount Pleasant,' to the period of his death, the subject of the Slave Trade had been one of the most unceasing interest to him; and after giving his vote for the abolition, he continued his efforts to procure the abandonment of it by other nations,

and the total abolition of slavery in our own colonies. In his adherence to the principles of Protestant dissent, in which he had been educated, and which his judgment approved, he was equally consistent; nor would he ostensibly conform to the Establishment for the acquisition of any personal distinction.

"Even in his tastes and favorite occupations, the same spirit of constancy was evinced. That love of literature which was the joy of his youth was also the solace of his age. His attachment to works of art continued at every period of life to afford him pleasure:—the few prints he possessed at the close of his life, and the small collection which he had made in his youth, perhaps, gave him equal gratification. But, in nothing was the enduring nature of his tastes more visible, than in the delight which poetry afforded him in youth, in manhood, and in age; and in the undying sensibility which, to the last, he continued to manifest to its powers." Vol. II. pp. 324, 325.

"The attachment of Mr Roscoe to works of art contributed greatly to his happiness. When fatigued with business, and with the literary employments which generally succeeded to the engagements of the day, he was accustomed to amuse his mind with turning over the leaves of his portfolios,—an occupation which always seemed to beguile his fatigue, and to revive his spirits. His knowledge of art was considerable. In his collection he endeavored, not merely to bring together beautiful specimens of the pencil or the graver, but to form materials for illustrating the rise and progress of the various branches of art, and thus to form, as it were, a school of art, in which its history might be studied with pleasure and advantage. He freely and gladly threw open his collections, not only for the amusement of his friends, but also for the improvement of the young artists who were desirous of studying the works of the great masters, and who constantly found in him a zealous and steady friend." Vol. II. p. 344.

"In society Mr Roscoe displayed a cheerfulness and vivacity, which, coupled with the courtesy of his manner, rendered his conversation very generally acceptable. He expressed himself with much force and fluency, and entered with eagerness into the passing topics of the day, as well as into those graver discussions in which he felt so sincere an interest. Though he frequently took a prominent and decided part in conversation, it was not the result of an exaggerated idea of his self-consequence, but the effect of that natural ardor which distinguished him on all occasions. The benevolence of his heart led him to treat with kindness and observance the feelings of all; and the humblest person in company received, in proportion to his claims, the same courtesy and deference as the most distinguished. It was

this spirit of social impartiality and justice, which rendered him so popular in society; and which left so pleasing an impression upon the minds of those with whom he associated. The simplicity which characterised his mind distinguished his manners also; and there have probably been few persons of any celebrity, in whose demeanor less consciousness of their station appeared.

"The picture of Mr Roscoe's life would be very imperfect, unless it represented him as he appeared in the society of his family, and in the numerous endearing relations of private life; and yet, when that picture is traced by one whose chief happiness was derived from these sources, it will be difficult to persuade others that it has not been overcolored. Of his character as a husband something has already been said;—of his never failing affection and goodness to his children, none but those children can judge; and to such feelings it is difficult to give expression." Vol. II. pp. 355, 356.

We had intended to make a few criticisms on the style and character of the work. Our extracts have, however, gone so far that we have no room for remarks of our own, which are probably rendered unnecessary by the copious specimens we have given already, from these highly useful and entertaining volumes.

ART. II. — *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy. The Rise of Iskander.* By the Author of "*Vivian Grey*," "*Contarini Fleming*," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1833.

THE tale, as the title page declares, is truly "wondrous," and not less wondrous is the style in which it is written, and most wondrous of all is it, that any critic, in a work pretending to more of authority in matters of taste than a newspaper, the vehicle of venial puffs, should come forth in unqualified and extravagant praise of such a production. We had occasion in a former number of this journal to make a passing comment or two upon some of the former writings of this author, and though the change from them to the present work is somewhat great in external appearance, yet it is not for the better; and examination shows the internal existence of the same flippancy and pertness, the same affectation of smartness and wit, the same want of pure taste and noble conception, on which we then bestowed our censure.

David Alroy is represented as the last male descendant from the house of David, and the "Prince of the Captivity" among the eastern Jews in the twelfth century, resident at Hamadan. Under the tuition and by the instigation of a fanatic and cabalist called Jabaster, he aspires to raise again to empire and glory the scattered and oppressed race of Israel, and to reinstate them in the promised land, in short, as we presume, though we do not recollect whether it is exactly so stated in the narration, he was to be the Messiah.

According to some tradition, no one could succeed in this vast undertaking unless he should possess the sceptre of Solomon, supposed to be hidden somewhere in the tombs of the Kings, or in some wonderful subterranean region, where the race of David was sequestered alike from heaven or hell. To such a place Alroy finds access, and takes the sceptre from the hand of its rightful owner, leagues himself with a band of robbers, of all nations and creeds, in the vicinity of Hamadan, sends forth his invitation to his Jewish brethren to join him, goes on from small enterprises to greater, and becomes the conqueror of Persia and of the Caliphate of Bagdad. Worldly ambition and worldly lust here get the better of his pretensions to the Messiahship; he ceases to burn for the restoration of Sion, loves a Moslem damsel, and is willing to tolerate the Moslem faith; permits the death of his tutor, counsellor, and high priest, Jabaster, who had been engaged in a revolt against him; loses the sceptre of Solomon by a flash of lightning, which strikes the place of its deposit, and in a vision sees it restored to its former owner, by the ghost of the murdered Jabaster, who announces also to him his coming downfall. This downfall is accomplished by the invasion of his newly acquired realms by Alp Arslan, and by the treachery of the partisans of Jabaster; and his head falls afterwards by the scimeter of his conqueror.

Such is the frame work of this singular production, which, from its structure and the remarks of the author in the preface, we suppose is meant for a poem, and intended to form a new era in the art of poetical composition. To us it seems a sort of monster, a Hybrid, composed by the union of bad epic, stale drama, and poor historical romance. From the first it derives the miserable and clumsy contrivance of supernatural machinery; formed by joining the absurd cabalistical magic and fables of half heathenized Jews with

the acknowledged power of the Supreme. From the second it borrows its dialogue, and from the third its leading character of narration, while the language is a marvellous jumble of that of all the three, now stalking on stilts like bombastic tragedy, now making repartees and cutting bad jokes like low comedy or even farce, sometimes flowing along stately and measured, though without metre, like epic, and anon coming down to very plain and humble prose. Southey's versification in "*Thalaba*" and the "*Curse of Kehama*," was not unaptly termed "*prose run mad*;" yet the insanity of the language was of a noble and poetical cast compared with that of "*Alroy*," which is also "*prose run mad*," but in that truly pitiable state of derangement, in which lofty or sublime raving comes only by fits of no long duration, while the rest of the time is spent in mere wildness, in hypochondriacal dulness, or dawdling idiocy.

Still, as scarcely anything is found altogether deformed, so in the midst of this absurdity of conception and execution, there are some good scenes and striking passages, though one of the best incidents, the patient and even as would appear cheerful toiling of Alroy's steed to clear his master of the deserts and bear him to a place of safety at the sacrifice of his own life, is a downright plagiarism, being taken, almost exactly as to everything but the language, from some work of oriental fiction that we have perused within a year or two; Anastasius occurs to us at present as the work to which we allude, though we cannot recollect clearly. Some of the characters too are tolerably well sketched in parts, though scarcely any one is in perfect keeping throughout.

Should Mr D'Israeli follow this essay at the creation of a new style of poetry with farther attempts, and be unfortunate enough to find imitators, as the new school will surely want a name, we beg leave in anticipation to recommend that of "*Pistol*," for we can think of no fitter prototype than that worthy "*ancient*."

The *Rise of Iskander* is a vastly preferable production. It is a little tale, founded on the revolt from the Moslem of the celebrated Iskander, or as he has otherwise been called, Scanderbeg, prince of Epirus, and his re-establishing for a time the independence of his native land. Love is of course an essential ingredient, and the heroine is found in the daughter of the celebrated John Hunniades. She is ta-

ken prisoner by the Turks and carried to the royal seraglio at Adrianople, and the main interest of the story turns upon the successful attempts to effect her escape, made by Iskander, and her rejected but still persevering lover, Nicæus, prince of Athens. Nicæus subsequently first disgraces himself by perfidy towards the maiden, and then dies in battle to repair his fame, and leaves the more fortunate Epirote to the enjoyment of his hard won kingdom and his bride. The story is pleasantly told, and is altogether the most unexceptionable of any work of fiction from the author's pen that we have seen, though still possessing no higher merit than would entitle it to a distinguished rank in the contents of a "Souvenir" or the columns of a Magazine.

ART. III. — 1. *The Sixteenth Annual Report of the American Society for Colonizing the Free People of Color of the United States. With an Appendix.* Washington: 1833.

2. *An Oration pronounced in Boston before the Colonization Society of Massachusetts, on the Anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1833.* By CALEB CUSHING. Boston: 1833.

3. *The Sin of Slavery, and its Remedy; containing some Reflections on the Moral Influence of African Colonization.* By ELIZUR WRIGHT, Jr. Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Western Reserve College. New York: 1833. 8vo. pp. 52.

4. *An Appeal in Favor of that Class of Americans called Africans.* By Mrs CHILD, Author of "The Mother's Book," &c. Boston: Allen & Ticknor. 1833. 12mo. pp. 232.

THE Colonization Society, as it is commonly called, though its main object was stated, with a few general remarks, in our notice of Mr Garrison's "Thoughts on African Colonization," (August, 1832,) has not received from us that attention, to which its great purpose and its practical operations entitle it. Our apology is, that the subject is calculated to betray one into a discussion too lengthened for the plan of our work; and we were determined not to substitute dogmas for reasons. Our aim in remarking upon the works here

grouped, all of which we have read with great interest, will be to give substantially the designs of the two parties which have come into conflict ; and for brevity's sake we call these parties *Colonizationists*, and *Abolitionists*.

The fundamental article of the Colonization Society is thus expressed in its Constitution :

“The object to which its attention is to be exclusively directed, is to promote and execute a plan for colonizing (with their consent) the free people of color residing in our country, in Africa, or such other place as Congress shall deem most expedient. And the Society shall act, to effect this object, in coöperation with the General Government, and such of the States as may adopt regulations upon the subject.”

This object stands single and alone. Its bearing upon slavery is diverse in the opinions of different persons, as well of those who are members of the Society, as of those who are not ; and the motives of those who join it may consequently be different. Many of the members of the Society are slave-holders ; and of these the motives for forwarding the object may also be different. Some of them may be wholly selfish, and may wish to be rid of a troublesome population merely to render themselves more secure as masters, or at best to free themselves from useless or cumbersome slaves ; others may be true philanthropists, and may expect not only to better the condition of freed-men, but to prepare the way for, or encourage more liberal emancipation ; and others may be operated upon by mixed motives. We do not perceive that the Society is vitiated by this combination of its elements ; though we cannot foretel the effect which may be produced by stronger affinities. Some desertions have taken place of those who are not slave-holders. Of these a few have discovered or imagined that the members of the Society in the middle and northern States have been duped by those of the south, whose whole purpose it is to rivet more securely the chains of slavery ; and a few others have declared war upon it, because, as they say, RUM has been introduced into the African colony for some purpose, which, whatever it may be, they regard as a permanent evil for a supposed temporary good. Still the progress of the Society is onward, and it is marked by great unity of action, which promises vast results of some kind, to which no person of large views can be indifferent.

What good then does the Society as a body expect to accomplish by removing the free people of color from the United States? It is expected that their condition will be improved. They are represented to be under great disadvantages here; to be regarded by the whites as an inferior race; to be objects of neglect, and thus to remain ignorant, destitute of self-respect, and reckless of character. All this is to a lamentable degree true, as we must admit to our shame; for it might have been otherwise. But such being the case, it is pleaded as an act of justice to a degraded class, to provide for them a place of refuge, while it is admitted that their removal is in part an act of selfishness, being important, if not necessary, to our internal tranquillity as a nation. The evil resulting from the residence of free blacks among us, is particularly a subject of complaint in the slave States, but the complaint is not confined to them. Mr Corwin of Ohio, in his address, as published in the last "Annual Report" of the Society, speaks of the efforts made by the legislature of that State, from the beginning, to exclude the free blacks from its borders. They are denied also by the constitution of that State the right of suffrage.

"These austere restrictions," says Mr Corwin, "quite incompatible with the broad declaration of natural equality, thickly scattered throughout [the constitution] were wisely deemed necessary to forbid the settlement of free blacks within our territorial limits. . . . Very early in the legislative history of the State, laws were enacted, providing that black emigrants, before they were permitted to remain an hour, should give bond with approved resident security, that he or she should not become chargeable as a pauper. On failure to do this, it was made the duty of certain officers under heavy penalties, to remove such persons to their last place of residence. Famine also was invoked to aid legal exaction. Severe penalties were imposed upon all who should employ in their service any one who had not complied with the law in regard to settlement. . . . Such was the miserable condition of this caste in the other parts of the Union, that they braved all the terrors of our laws, risked removal, starvation and disfranchisement, came to, and despite of the law, remained in Ohio. . . . I mention it as a fact honorable to our population, that, when put to the test, the law, in all its severity, was seldom carried into effect. . . . A powerful sympathy for the distressed individual, overruled the less exigent considerations of public policy."

No doubt the free blacks are the greatest evil in the States where negro slavery exists; and the laws make them mere

vagabonds. Nothing but remarkable skill for some vocation, or signal good fortune, gives them any safe abiding place in such States; and it is the usual language of the south, that they have not only no rights as citizens, but are not to be tolerated as aliens or men. And however merciful they may be to their slaves, they do not regard mercy as an attribute to be extended to the freed-man, unless he is beyond its reach, and no longer needs it. Still, however, they do regard them as human beings, so far that if they can be placed out of their way, and out of their sight, humanity requires some provision for shipping them off. Let us hear Mr G. W. P. Custis on this subject, who speaks with abundant decision, though we must confess that we are not enraptured with his eloquence or his hyperbole.

"Some say, colonize in Canada. Is that the region, Sir, for the children of the sun, who are barely comfortable at a temperature of 98 of Fahrenheit. The idea is ridiculous—absurd. Others say, establish colonies of free colored people in the far west. I say no. We want all the west for ourselves.—'Westward the star of empire takes its way,' and soon our citizens will tread the shores of the Pacific. By oceans alone are we to be bound. No, Sir; let us return the children of Africa under their own blazing vertical sun, the climate best adapted to their nature and habits.

"But it may be said, it is cruel to take these people from their native country across the Atlantic wave. Have they not a right to stay here? Sir, they have no right to the white man's country. [Fudge!] True they have been deeply wronged, and let us restore them to the land from whence they came. There they may be masters; the land, the government will be theirs. Let them plough the ocean, till the soil, or explore the forest. Be it so. I shall envy not, but rather rejoice in their prosperity. But here there is no footing for the colored man. If he could be happy here, if he could be placed on a level with others here, he might stay; but here he can shine but by borrowed light. Let him go, then, where he may rule alone." [*O, most lame and impotent conclusion!*]

Thus far the Society is agreed as a body in what is hoped or expected to be brought about. In respect to continually increasing, and, in the course of time, total emancipation, most of its distinguished members are silent, and probably incredulous; but they listen without contradiction to the prophecies and visions of their more enthusiastic brethren. Mr R. S. Finley, who is deserving of all praise for his un-

tiring exertions in promoting the object of the colonizationists, speaks very strongly of the expected progressive operations of the Society, and of the final extinction of slavery by its efforts. In his address at its last anniversary, he says :

"It will be borne in mind, that a prominent object of this institution is to afford the means for a safe, gradual, and *voluntary* abolition of slavery. And it is this view of the subject that constitutes its chief glory in the eye of its slave-holding friends. I know that much pains have been taken to calumniate our brethren of the South, by representing them to be the advocates of perpetual despotism. From an extensive and familiar acquaintance with their views and sentiments formed upon actual observation, I know this not to be the fact."

Again ;

"I know that an opinion prevails very extensively at the North, that the southern people are attached to slavery in principle — that they would not get rid of it if they could — nay, that there is such a morbid sensibility on the subject, that they will not suffer even a calm discussion of any remedy, however feasible and peaceful. In order to remove this misapprehension, I have merely to say, that I have publicly discussed this subject everywhere in the southern States, from the eastern shore of Maryland to the Gulf of Mexico, in the presence of hundreds of slaves at a time, and with the general approbation of the audience to which my addresses were delivered — and have uniformly represented it as affording the best and only safe means of gradually and entirely abolishing slavery. Indeed, so well is the moral influence of the operations of this Society understood in the extreme South, that all the advocates of perpetual slavery are bitterly opposed to it, and none in that region are its advocates, but the friends of gradual, peaceful, and ultimate, entire emancipation. . . . To produce the final and complete success of this cause, is not a matter which is left to the choice of the American people, but is urged upon them as a matter of necessity. The safety, the integrity, and the honor of the Union depend upon it. And I, for one, confess that I have no fears for the perpetuity of this Union, and I have as little fear for the ultimate success and final triumph of this magnificent enterprise."

Mr Custis looks forward to the same glorious result.

"Some alarmists tell us the slave population is to be freed. And, Sir, does any one regret that the hope is held out, that, with our consent, we shall one day see an end of slavery ? Should this Society be, as I doubt not it will, the happy means of pro-

ducing this result, it will be renowned as having done one of the greatest and best deeds that have blest the world. . . . This cause has a warm place in my heart; it shall have my best energies, and latest prayers for its success. And can you stay the march of liberty over the world? No power can stay it. It gathers the force of the mountain torrents, and all things give way before it. And such will be the course of this Society. No power can stay it. The colony you have planted will increase. The General Government, the State Governments will lend it their munificent aid. Cities will grow upon its heights; mighty oceans be whitened with its fleets; and the day will come, when its flag will receive respect in our ports. This republic wants but one thing to make her what her founders intended she should be. A hundred years may elapse; but lives there the American who will not hail with delight, the expectation, that, at the close of a century, his descendants will see this an entire nation of freemen."

Now we cannot say how such language is regarded by the generality of the slave-holding members of the Society; but such we find it duly recorded, and not gainsaid. It has occasioned no schism, and, so far as we perceive, no reaction, no opposition. If avowals like these are reiterated year after year, and countenanced or acquiesced in by those who have the greatest interest at stake, they will not be a dead letter, but a quickening spirit. If slavery is to be abolished by safe and peaceful means, it must be in the manner contemplated by the Colonization Society; doubtless with great modifications, and extension of the plan, as time and circumstances shall dictate; but it must be done gradually and not all at once; and it must be done by the combined efforts of those who experience within their own domains, and therefore best know, the evils of slavery, — and of those patriots and philanthropists in other portions of the country, who deeply deplore them. A few hot-heads among the multitudes of the cool-heads of the North may go a warfare at their own charges, and get some reputation for valor without skill, and benevolence without discretion, and may do something to impede the work of wiser men; but what good they can expect to accomplish in this way we know not. It is a flattering unction which some men lay to their souls, that they have done or are doing their duty, and are ready to abide the consequences. But "there is a time and season" as well as a manner and means to be regarded in all things. — The Apostle Paul was no hypocrite and no coward; but he knew that some things which were lawful were not expedient.

It would be well for the infuriate heralds of freedom to remember, that Paul did not propagate the gospel, that scheme of "liberty wherewith Christ has made us free," by an uncompromising assault upon the usages and prejudices and characters of those whom he would gain to his purpose.

But we must hasten from the doings of the Colonization Society here, to see what is accomplished and hoped for in the African colony. We shall state briefly the most important facts concerning it which are contained in the "Annual Report."

The Colonial Agent, under the direction of the Board of Managers, has purchased an additional territory, Grand Bassa, which is represented to be at least equal to any country on the coast "in fertility of soil, variety and value of products, and abundance of animals;" and preparations are making to commence a settlement. "Possession has also been obtained of a tract of land at Grand Cape Mount, from which the exports are estimated at from 60 to \$70,000." This tract, about twenty miles in length, a short distance from the sea, on a river navigable for small vessels, was granted by the chiefs of the country, "on the sole condition that settlers shall be placed on it, and that schools shall be established for the benefit of native children." Various parts of the neighboring country have been explored by the Agent of the Colony, with a view to extend the settlement, as occasion shall require.

The health of the Colony, it is said, has never been better than during the last year, and "the mortality little exceeds that of the most healthy countries of the world." — Agriculture is pursued with zeal and success; the recaptured Africans, in two separate villages, have cultivated their gardens and farms with great industry; premiums have been fixed upon to stimulate still farther a spirit of agricultural enterprise among the colonists; measures have been taken in various ways to facilitate labor by training animals for the purpose, and introducing implements of husbandry; and a public garden is to be provided for experiments to ascertain "what indigenous or exotic plants, fruits and vegetables will best reward the labors of the husbandman."

"Commerce," says the Report, "has advanced during the year, [preceding] and new avenues for communication and trade have been opened with the tribes of the interior. Caravans from a considerable distance have visited the Colony, and the people

of the Dey country have agreed to permit traders to pass without delay or molestation, through their territories to the colonial settlements.

"By the treaty which they have signed, the whole channel of trade with the remote tribes is left clear. During the year preceding the first of May last [1832] fifty-nine vessels had visited the port of Monrovia, of which thirty-two were Americans, twenty-five English, and two French. The exports during the same period (consisting chiefly of camwood, ivory, palm-oil, tortoise-shell and gold) amounted to \$125,549 16 — of imports, to \$80,000 — and the merchandise and produce on hand on the 1st of January, 1832, to \$47,400. The Colony is becoming known to tribes far distant from the coast, and Mandingo traders and others have visited it from the borders of Foota Jallo."

Great exertions have been made by the Board of Managers and the Colonial Agent to increase the means of education, for which several generous donations have been received; and it is thought that the colonial revenue may be sufficient for "the support of a general system of common-school education." Contributions are solicited for "a High-School or Seminary, which shall prepare youth not only to become able teachers of the most useful branches of knowledge, but to fulfil successfully the duties of public officers or ministers of religion."

During the early part of the last year, a difficulty arose between the Colony and some neighboring tribes, occasioned by the protection of some slaves, about to be sold, fleeing to the colonists for safety from bondage. But every reasonable step appears to have been taken by the government of the Colony, to avoid the contest, which was finally settled to its advantage; and its relations to the native tribes are represented in the report to be of "the most friendly character." "You can have no idea," says the Colonial Agent, "of the favorable impressions we have made on the natives of the country; they are constantly sending us messages, requesting us to settle at different points on the coast, from Cape Mount to below Trade Town, (about 140 miles).

"The Managers are convinced that Liberia is now prepared to receive a much larger number of emigrants annually, than the means of the Society have heretofore enabled it to colonize. They believe there is no reason to apprehend that the resources of the Society will ever exceed the demands for aid from those anxious to emigrate, or the capabilities of the Colony to afford

accommodation and subsistence to those who may choose it as their residence. Thus far the slowness of its growth may have been an advantage. But with a government well established upon the popular will ; an extensive territory, easy of cultivation and abundantly productive ; a population most sober, industrious, and enterprising ; with schools and churches, courts of justice, and a periodical press ; and, in fine, with the order and resolution of a people alive to their privileges, and determined to improve and perpetuate them, this Colony now invites all worthy free persons of color to seek an asylum within its limits."

The Managers, in their Report, do not appear disposed to exaggerate their account of the moral condition of the colonists ; but we should judge from their statements that it answered every reasonable expectation. The sabbath is strictly observed, and public worship almost universally attended. The state of the "recaptured Africans" is represented in a very interesting light ; and their desire for knowledge, and especially for religious instruction, is remarkable, and affords reason to prophesy favorably concerning the future condition of Africa. During the year 1832, there was a considerable increase of the Colony. "The whole number that sailed for it in six vessels, was seven hundred and ninety, of which two hundred and fortyseven were manumitted slaves." Ample testimony is furnished in the Report of the general prosperity of the Colony, from which we cite the following :

"It may be well to record here the opinion of an English officer, who spent three years upon the African coast, 'that the complete success of the Colony of Liberia is a proof that negroes are, by proper care and attention, as susceptible of the habits of industry and the improvements of social life, as any other race of men, and that the amelioration of the condition of the black people on the coast of Africa, by means of such colonies, is not chimerical. A few colonies of this kind, scattered along the coast, would be of infinite value in improving the natives.'"

"Dr Shane of Cincinnati writes from Liberia, 'I here see many who left the United States in straitened circumstances, living with all the comforts of life around them ; enjoying a respectable and useful station in society, and wondering that their brethren in the United States, who have it in their power, do not flee to this asylum of happiness and liberty. I am certain that no friend to humanity can come here and see the state of things, without being impressed with the immense benefits the Society is conferring on the long neglected sons of Africa. Nothing, be as-

sured, but a want of knowledge of Liberia, prevents thousands of honest, industrious free blacks from rushing to this land, where liberty and religion, with all their blessings, are enjoyed."

"The intelligent master of the ship, James Perkins, 'did not hear, while at the Colony, a discontented expression from any one; but found all with whom he conversed, apparently happy, and pleased both with the country and government.'"

"Lt. Page, commander of the United States schooner Boxer, which was ordered to the African coast for the suppression of piracy, and touched at Liberia, 7th April, 1832, observes, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, concerning the Colony, 'With all the advantages that have been enumerated, it would be natural to expect to hear that the inhabitants are generally contented, which, as far as my observation has gone, I have found to be the case. There have been some exceptions, but they are to be found among characters, who would be dissatisfied in any situation.'"

The exertions still making by European powers for the extinction of the slave-trade are honorably mentioned in the Report; and though, while slavery exists, there is reason to fear that human cupidity will sometimes find means to evade all the efforts made to defeat its plans in that infernal traffic, yet we are persuaded that it must soon come to an end. If success shall attend the experiment proposed by "the friends of Africa in London, to introduce civilization and christianity among some of the most powerful and least barbarous tribes," it will come in aid of the foreign exertions made for the suppression of the slave trade; and indeed there are so many things combining to cheer our hopes on this subject, that we cannot doubt, that, at no very distant day, it will be among the things unheard of and unknown.

We have thus given, as fully as our pages will admit of, an account of "The Sixteenth Annual Report of the American Society for colonizing the Free People of Color in the United States." No unprejudiced person can read the Report without giving the Society the credit of good intentions and of some good results. These are set forth by Mr Cushing in his "Oration before the Colonization Society of Massachusetts," with great power and earnestness. And we cannot forbear, while it is in our mind, to quote from it a few lines which corroborate our remarks on the coming glories of Africa.

"The discoveries of Caillié and Lander seem to have provi-

dentally chanced at that period of time, when the establishment of the American Colony of Liberia, the conquest of Algiers by France, the regeneration of Egypt under the auspices of Mohammed-Ali, and the assured possession of Southern Africa by the English, conspire together at length to promise the redemption of this great continent from the degradation of ages." p. 11.

We should be glad to notice more particularly Mr Cushing's excellent Oration; but we must content ourselves with using it in aid of the few remarks which we are about to make upon the works of Professor Wright and Mrs Child. We gave our views of the general spirit of the abolitionists, or Anti-Slavery Society, in our observations upon Mr Garrison's "Thoughts on African Colonization," in our number for August, 1832. Professor Wright is a worthy coadjutor of Mr Garrison, and comes forward with the same violent and uncompromising temper in his assaults against the Colonization Society, and all neutrality in the cause of abolition. "In the Northern States," he says, "there is very generally a sympathy with the slave-holders, and a prejudice against the slaves, which shows itself in palliating the crime of slave-holding, and in most unrighteously disregarding the rights, and vilifying the characters of the free colored men." Now there are several things here asserted, but one of which is literally true. There is a sympathy with the slave-holders, and as great a sympathy with the slaves — not a prejudice against them. The relation of master and slave is regarded by all our intelligent and thinking people as a most unhappy one, and they would readily seize upon any just and prudent plan to sever it forever. By "palliating the crime of slave-holders," the author doubtless means the apologies which every truly wise and benevolent man thinks it his duty to make for the disadvantages under which any persons are involuntarily placed, and the difficulty of overcoming them. It is impossible for any one in whom wisdom is thus united with benevolence, to join with the thorough going abolitionists, to learn and to utter their horrible language, to call a portion of our fellow citizens, who are under the protection of the constitution and laws of the land, thieves, robbers, haters of mankind, felons, murderers,—and to denounce "deep damnation to the souls of the slave-holders." And all this Professor Wright would teach us to do. Verily "he doth profess too much"; too much for a professor of languages, which he is not, too

much and too unreasonably for a professor of Mathematics, which he is.

The remaining charge against the Northern States, in the short passage we have quoted, is that of "unrighteously disregarding the rights, and vilifying the characters of the free colored men." This is expressed much too strongly. In Massachusetts they have all the rights of citizens, except that of intermarriage with whites. In the other Northern States, except by a recent questionable act of the Legislature of Connecticut, their civil rights are not infringed upon, so far as we know. Their social rights are we believe fully recognised, and they receive their full share of deeds of kindness and humanity. Their characters are not vilified "generally," as Mr Wright would represent; — we know many who lament their degraded state, but none who take pleasure in the fact, or in describing it. Perhaps they are generally regarded as a race inferior to the whites, in consequence of which they are sometimes spoken of and treated as such; but this is a matter of opinion, perhaps a false opinion, though we know not what claim the abolitionists have to all light and knowledge upon the subject. In fact very little has been said in New England about the free black citizens, till very recently; till some of the imprudent steps taken by the Anti-Slavery Society, or by the instrumentality of some of its members. To defy all prejudices, seems to be the fundamental principle of the abolitionists; they do nothing to conciliate the favor of their own species to the blacks, but set about their purpose regardless of consequences. "I wisdom dwell with prudence," says Solomon; "I am wiser than other men, and need not their counsels or their countenance," is the language of the abolitionist.

The great objection which Professor Wright alleges against the Colonization Society is that its measures do not tend to effect and never will effect the abolition of slavery; that on the contrary they tend to perpetuate the evil and to render the slave-holder more secure and consequently more tenacious of his dominion. And even if those measures promise to bring about a gradual abolition, they afford him no satisfaction; for he regards every slave-holder as a man-stealer and therefore guilty of one of the greatest sins, to be repented of at once; for who, says he, ever talks of gradual repentance? Repentance we conceive is an act of

the mind and heart, of which reformation is the fruit. We cannot repent of the sins of others, though as good men, we should use our best endeavors to remedy the ills which have been brought upon us. Our mathematical professor deigns to make no division of the guilt by which slavery in the United States has been brought about and perpetuated; but on the contrary he multiplies that of governments, slave-traders and successive masters, and brings the whole aggregate of crime upon the heads of the present possessors. Slavery is a curse, therefore cursed be the master; slave-dealers at all times have been guilty of theft and felony, therefore the present possessors are thieves and felons; the ancestors of the race of whites now existing were never the rightful owners of slaves, therefore those now existing have no lawful property in the same.

Let us put a case to Mr Wright. Suppose he had become heir to an estate, which, some generations back, had been procured by fraud, and that he had been so trained and educated that he was fit only for taking care of his property. May we call him a thief if he contents himself with the laws of undisturbed possession, and is not very inquisitive about the morality of remote transactions, in which he had no share? May we imprecate curses upon him, if he does not, at every sacrifice, hunt up those who should rightfully be the heirs, and surrender to them his possessions, or, in default of this, scatter them to the winds? Skilful as he is in casuistry, and averse as we are to the *argumentum ad hominem*, we should not like to see him exposed to this test. Let him consider then, that slaves are by the laws of the land the property of their masters; that the latter cannot individually disfranchise the in a body, without ruin to themselves and injury to the community; that extreme right without regard to circumstances, may be a great wrong; that the law of humanity may demand the present subjection of those who are incapable of being their own masters; in fine, that wisdom is better than romance, and that it is sometimes better to feel our way with the prudent, than to jump at conclusions with the rash and sanguine.

Whenever a system shall be devised for rapid or for universal emancipation, founded in real humanity and justice, both to the master and slave, it shall have our hearty coöperation. And if it require the pecuniary aid of government, we are persuaded that the "Northern States" are so far

from being indifferent to the existing evil, that they will promptly join in any wise measures for putting an end to it, whatever may be the sacrifice. The Colonization Society does not, in our opinion, stand in the way. It certainly does not disguise the evil, nor attempt to hoodwink the minds of the freemen of our land, so as to keep them in the dark on the subject. If, as a remedy, it is small or even unperceived, yet it has already produced grand results, in some respects, even beyond the expectations of its original members. It has a wide influence in keeping the community awake and active in behalf of the blacks; in causing them to be regarded as objects of great interest; in exalting their character under a change of circumstances; and in showing what they may become as freemen, when the time shall arrive, for making the experiment. There is no danger of its removing so many blacks as to occasion any scarcity at home, let the outlets be as much multiplied as they may be.

Professor Wright and his party, on the contrary, if they are taking the most direct means for the abolition of slavery, appear to be exceedingly blind to consequences, and with their single eye to humanity, of which they boast, they look only on one side. The Professor at the close of his work, informs us that the "remedy" proposed by the abolitionists for the "Sin of Slavery," is moral, in contradistinction to that of the colonizationists, which is "physical."

"It [the moral remedy] addresses not the *slave* but the *master*; it seeks not to abolish slavery by a forced legislation, but to correct that public opinion on which law, in a free country, is based; it applies to the subject the principles of the Bible, in the spirit of the Bible; it holds no compromise with the open violators of God's word." p. 48.

Let us see how our author addresses himself, in behalf of the moral remedy, to the master; what spirit he identifies with the spirit of the Bible; — and whether he does not virtually address the slaves, against their masters. The following specimen will show how well he knows the spirit he is of, when he speaks of remedy by moral means.

"Go on, then, tyrants — connect into one mine the explosive materials beneath you — dry the powder — increase the pressure — lay trains of the best fulminating mixtures, and wait for the spark, or the blow that is to annihilate you. Already have your abused, outraged vassals such motives to rid themselves of your

yoke, that your knees smite together in spite of the boasted stoutness of your hearts. Go on, then — refuse to emancipate, add insult to injury — add stings to desperation — make death easier than bondage, — for in so doing, you assuredly hasten the day, when the American bill of rights shall mean what it says." p. 42.

Such is the language in which the moral remedy, the moral suasion, is addressed "not to the slave, but to the master," who, whatever may be his moral right, has a perfect conventional right to the labor of his slaves, secured to him by the constitution and laws of his country. And this forsooth is intended to bring him to repent of the sin of slavery. It sounds in our ears very much like a declaration of war, calculated to put the object of it upon his defence, and to prepare him for resistance. The true import of the language, after stripping it of the thin and pitiful disguise it wears, is this: On, slaves; — dethrone your tyrants, — prepare the explosive materials, the best fulminating mixtures, to be placed under their houses — apply the match, — and annihilate your usurpers with their dwelling-places, &c. &c. The American bill of rights, if it mean anything, declares you to be freemen.

But we must quit Professor Wright, abruptly we acknowledge, with the prayer that he may hereafter have it in his power to proclaim his triumphs in Mathematics, and that he may never again usurp the chair of Rhetoric or Ethics.

Mrs Child, in her "Appeal," gives a brief history of Slavery, and describes its deplorable effects upon all concerned in it. Then follows a comparative view of slavery in different ages and nations, — and also of the value of free labor and slave labor. She next comes to the great subject of the possibility of safe emancipation, as applicable to the United States, and draws an inference in favor of it (from a variety of examples) founded on reasoning from the less to the greater. We know very well the power of habit, and can easily conceive that the habit of commanding and enforcing service may be felt as a prerogative not to be given up without a certain and full equivalent. When, therefore, an intelligent slave-holder considers, as he must often, the subject of complete emancipation, — *safety* and *thrift* enter largely into his views. Whether with his habits and prejudices he is the best judge in these matters, is a question which we shall not undertake to settle; but we can per-

ceive no evil in a calm discussion of the subject, and if the safety of emancipation shall be proved beyond a reasonable doubt, the main difficulty will be removed; for admitting that the loss of compulsory service should be of great amount, we have no doubt that there is justice and humanity and generosity enough in the Republic, fully to balance the account. These we should say were high matters belonging peculiarly to statesmen, if we did not know how often the greatest statesmen and legislators, have been anticipated in affairs of public beneficence and reform, by individual efforts, from sources comparatively obscure.

The influence of slavery on the politics of the United States, is another subject, and a very invidious one, which Mrs Child treats of in her work. With this we shall not meddle.

Having prepared the way, and shown with sufficient clearness her own preference, Mrs Child speaks of the Colonization Society, and Anti-Slavery Society. The former she regards as an obstacle to emancipation, and her great objection to it is, that "it tends to put public opinion to sleep on the subject." Indeed she believes that a state of feeling generally pervades the North, tending to countenance what is insisted upon at the South, — "That slavery is *unavoidable*."

"So long," she remarks, "as the South insist that slavery is *unavoidable*, and say they will not tolerate any schemes *tending* to its abolition — and so long as the North take the *necessity* of slavery for an unalterable truth, and put down any discussions, however mild and candid, which tend to show that it may be done away with safety — so long as we thus strengthen each other's hands in evil, what remote hope is there of emancipation?" p. 132.

We have already shown, that in the public meetings of the Colonization Society, a scheme *tending* to the abolition of slavery, as some of its speakers believe and declare, is at least tolerated, and that those speakers themselves are so far from taking "the necessity of slavery for an *unalterable* truth," that they predict in the most sanguine terms its final abolition. As to "mild and candid discussions, which tend to show that it [slavery] *may* be done away with safety," we have never been so fortunate as to meet with such, from an abolitionist, till we read Mrs Child's work. Those that we have seen before, are more like the discussions of demoniacs, than of rational thinking men — such discussions as we hope

and pray will forever be "put down" by the people of the "North". The scheme of the colonizationists may be inadequate, and may be wrong — let it be put down then by fair arguments, and mild and candid discussion. Another scheme may be devised both adequate and right — let it be put up by the same means. The people of the North are very apt to be disgusted with inflammatory appeals to their passions; they are very considerate, and the abolitionists think they are very cold; but whenever they are convinced that they have a great public duty to perform, they perform it; they are wanting neither in resolution nor perseverance. They are in the habit of looking to the end through the means. They apply their shoulders to the wheel only when they have some reason to think that their strength will not be wasted. Their abhorrence of slavery is, so to speak, innate; and in no prayer for their country would they unite with more heart-felt devotion, than that the "expectation" held out by Mr Custis, that their "descendants will see this an entire nation of freemen," may be fulfilled. We correct ourselves, — they would join more heartily in the prayer that slavery may come to an end now and forever, if it might be overruled for the good of the whole by the wisdom and compassion of that Omnipotent Being to whom our prayers are addressed.

We feel in duty bound to say that Mrs Child has treated the subject of slavery, and of the collisions between the Colonization and Anti-Slavery Societies, with much more temperance, with far less prejudice, and with greater ability, than Mr Garrison or Professor Wright. Her "Appeal" is written with the affections of a woman and the strength of a man. But we deeply regret that a lady, who by her writings has done so much credit to herself and her sex, so much for the improvement of her countrywomen, and of mankind, should venture with her bark on such a troubled sea, upon a voyage of discovery, with such pilots as she would seem to confide in.

ART. IV. — *Tom Cringle's Log*. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1833.

MANY of our readers are doubtless, by means of extracts circulated in the public prints, somewhat acquainted with the work, the quaint and professional title of which stands at the head of this article. Originally published as a series of articles in a magazine, though forming a continuous narrative in themselves, the numbers have been gathered, and now appear in two well sized volumes, presenting a legitimate claim to our notice. In phraseology akin to their own, these sketches are no longer sailing under the protection of a neutral flag, but make their appearance as cruisers upon the high seas of literary enterprise, exposed to be overhauled and searched by any critical man-of-war that may fall in with them.

For the benefit of any, as such there doubtless are, to whom the character of the work is not known, we will state, that it purports to be a journal, kept by a young officer of the British navy, of the various events of his cruises during a course of several years, partly during the time of our last war with that country; from this circumstance the work derives the name it bears, as being a sort of private counterpart of the journal of occurrences, &c., kept on board a ship, and technically termed *the log-book*, sometimes by abbreviation, *the log*, though this title properly belongs to the instrument used to ascertain the rate of the ship's motion, which rate, being regularly entered upon the journal, gives the latter the name above specified.

"Tom's Log" is not however, confined merely to occurrences upon "the vasty deep," or even on ship board, but embraces various scenes on shore, both grave and gay, by no means the least interesting or entertaining in the work. The localities of the "*log*," are principally in the West Indian seas, and on the islands of Jamaica, Cuba, St Domingo, and some of the Bahamas. Of the amount of matter invented or borrowed in the statement of occurrences, for we conclude that some part is the result of personal experience and observation, it is impossible to form any exact idea, but we presume the author has drawn largely, both on his own fancy, and on the stores of actual experience belonging to others; yet the whole is worked up with a bold and skilful

hand, and presented with such liveliness of coloring and delineation as to be highly attractive. It might indeed be said of the work, that it is too good to be true; for we cannot conceive that so many varied, amusing, exciting, thrilling and almost astounding adventures, should fall to the lot of any individual. We are presented in fact with an epitome or collection of specimens of all that is momentous in naval life, mingled with various episodes of what is momentous on land. There are battles fought and battles shunned; ships wrecked, sunken and blown up; meetings with lawful foes, with pirates and with slavers; chases and flights; frolics and fevers; trials and executions both military and criminal: tornadoes, inundations and land slips; dancings and duckings, and "other things too numerous to mention," as auction advertisements are wont to say.

Nor is the variety of characters much less than that of events. Besides a full complement of nautical worthies, those most particularly prominent being in general what would be called "queer fish" in any waters, master Cringle had the luck of forming a most incomparably humorous and original set of shore acquaintances, and as two or three of the choicest spirits of these, for a part of the time bore him company on his cruises, there is a considerable supply of drollery on ship board, more than the laws of the service required, or its chances generally afford.

With all this excellence, the work however has faults, and those not small. The tone of the humor is broad and sometimes becomes coarse and indelicate; there is a prevailing exaggeration in the delineation of character and person, that sometimes degenerates into caricature, and the practical wit of his personages occasionally is mere buffoonry, the recital of which can afford little pleasure to a mind above the level of being amused by the grimaces of a clown grinning through a horse-collar, or the futile attempts of a rabble to climb a greased may-pole, or catch a soaped pig by the tail, and other such sports prevalent at the rustic fairs of the author's native land.

There is also a display of illiberal feeling towards this country, which it would have been to the author's credit to have avoided, as such sweeping condemnation as he makes use of serves rather to discredit his own claims to the character of a "gentleman," and the still higher character of a man of sound judgment and enlightened views, than to

affix any stigma on a whole nation confessedly rising to high power and importance in the world. We do not however view his labors with less general satisfaction, though we should, for his own sake, have been pleased had the offensive passages been omitted.

The style in which the work is written is eminently graphic, the language being rich, strong and idiomatic, flowing freely and easily, and in some cases possessing much poetical excellence.

It is not, however, elaborately polished, and along with an ample share of technical peculiarities, there is an occasional mixture of slang or cant.

Take it altogether, however, of the many works of a similar class which we have seen since the termination of the great European contest in 1815, we have met with no one which has afforded us more amusement, or which we have read with higher interest, or which either in conception or execution we should think superior, we might perhaps say equal, to "Tom Cringle's Log."

ART. V.—*A History of Harvard University, from its foundation in the year 1636, to the period of the American Revolution.* By the late BENJAMIN PEIRCE, A. M., Librarian of the University. Cambridge: Brown, Shattuck & Co. 1833. 8vo. pp. 316, 159.

It has always been a matter of some surprise to us that a history of Harvard University had not long ago been written, considering the attractive nature of the subject and the interest which our men of letters have shown for everything relating to our early annals. We have long wanted a book of reference which should contain all important matters relating to the University, its origin, the changes which have taken place in its form of government and administration, original documents, the statutes of the various Professorships, in short, all that information which was to be laboriously sought after in a great variety of works. That this work has been delayed to the present day, is, however, now almost a matter of congratulation; for of the long list of the sons of our Alma Mater, hardly one could be found, who possessed in so great a degree as the late Mr Peirce, the

qualifications essential to the successful execution of a work like that before us. He had an industry and an accuracy which carry us back to the scholars of another age. Of the former quality, his Catalogue of the Library is an imperishable monument—a work of truly Herculean labor, and which, when we consider its thoroughness, the short time in which it was under preparation, and the limited portion even of that time which Mr Peirce's official duties as Librarian enabled him to devote to it, has but few parallels in literary history. Thorough research into a subject in which he was interested, was to him a pleasure and not a task. He never rested content with second hand information, but went always to the original sources. He took nothing upon trust, but scrupulously weighed and sifted the evidence, and never formed nor changed his opinion upon slight grounds. He was always a lover of books. In his youth he was a distinguished scholar, and in the midst of the absorbing pursuits of the life of business which he for many years led, he found some time for the assiduous cultivation of his mind by reading and study. His modest and retiring habits prevented him from offering his acquisitions to the public view, but those who saw him frequently, can bear ample testimony to the extent and accuracy of his information.

The present work is a history of Harvard University, from its foundation to the death of President Holyoke, being the last important epoch previous to the American Revolution. This comprises the whole of the author's original plan, and the work was found at his death, nearly ready for the press. Mr Pickering, the Editor, remarks in his preface ;

“ If the author had lived, he would, perhaps, at some future time have brought his work down to a later period than is included in the present volume, which embraces the first century and a half of the University history. But the work now offered to the public is, nevertheless, to be regarded as the extent of his original design ; and it comprehends a period, which, from its antiquity and other causes, affords more materials than any other to gratify the natural desire felt by all men, to look back to the illustrious deeds of their fathers. It may be added, that the materials of the present work are not merely such as may be found in books already published ; on the contrary, many of them, and some which are of the highest interest to the sons of Harvard,

have been obtained from original sources, — such as manuscript notices, detached memorandums, diaries of deceased persons educated at the University, and personal information communicated by aged individuals recently or still living ; among whom, the author was particularly indebted to the late Dr Holyoke, of Salem, a graduate of the year 1746, and the Honorable Paine Wingate, of Stratham, New Hampshire, a member of the class of the year 1759, and now the venerable senior of the whole body of surviving graduates. Many interesting circumstances relative to academic usages and manners in ancient days were communicated to the author by those venerable men, and will be found in various parts of the History, and the Correspondence subjoined to it." pp. vi. vii.

The work is everything that might be expected from Mr Peirce's literary habits and character. It is thorough, exact, and learned. Not a stone has been left unturned ; not a scrap of information, useful or entertaining, relating to the first one hundred and thirty years of the history of the University, has been left ungathered. It is the work of a man whose heart was in what he was doing. He took a deep interest in the University and has traced, with filial affection, its progress from a little grammar-school to a flourishing and well-endowed college. Nor is it a mere register of events, connected with the institution itself, but it gives us frequent glimpses into the state of manners and the opinions of other days, and occasional sketches of the distinguished men who yet live in their works. As an instance of this, we may mention the interesting and just account he has given us of the famous Cotton Mather, who, if his sense had been equal to his talents, and his literary digestion to his appetite, would have been a truly great man.

The style of the work we have been particularly pleased with. Mr Pickering tells us that " Mr Peirce was a diligent reader and admirer of the English Classics, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Swift, and their contemporaries, and had formed his own style upon the severest models of that school, tinted, perhaps, in a slight degree, with the plainness of still older writers." The style of the history is indeed one of unostentatious simplicity and severe correctness, but it is neither harsh, bold nor jejune. The meaning is expressed with great clearness, and the sentences neatly and accurately finished. In an age in which such " fantastic tricks" are played with our mother English tongue, when such uncouth

words are pressed by writers into their service, such gnarled and knotted sentences distract the reader's brains, and when in fact literature is so infected with a diseased love of the wild and the monstrous, it is pleasant to read a book written in the unvarnished plainness of other days, and in which natural thoughts are clothed in a simple and becoming drapery, and not disfigured with Harlequin jackets or tawdry masquerade dresses. We turn to it from many of the popular writings of the day, as the eye turns from glaring colors and dazzling lights to the soft green turf that clasps the waters of a cold, clear spring. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a portion of his character of President Leverett, which our readers will agree with us, we trust, in pronouncing a good specimen of "English unde-filed."

"The great things, which were done for this institution, during the time he had charge of it, have been particularly related; and in reference to them he might justly have said —

'Quorum pars magna fui.'

"His qualifications for the office were not only eminent in degree but singularly various. It is seldom that a man can be found at any time, who unites in his person so many of the talents and qualities, which are desirable in the head of a University, as were possessed by President Leverett. He had a 'great and generous soul.' His natural abilities were of a very high order. His attainments were profound and extensive. He was well acquainted with the learned languages, with the arts and sciences, with history, philosophy, law, divinity, politics; and such was his reputation for knowledge of men and things, that 'in almost every doubtful and difficult case,' he was resorted to, for information and advice.

"To his wisdom and knowledge he added great firmness, resolution, and energy of character. His great abilities being consecrated to the service of God and of his generation, he was never deterred by difficulties or dangers from any undertaking, which Providence seemed to impose upon him. He prosecuted his plans with invincible constancy, diligence, and cheerfulness. The accomplishment of them was frequently the reward of this untiring perseverance; but if at any time his efforts were not attended with success, his strength of mind was equally conspicuous under the disappointment. It was in truth not *his own* will, but the will of *God*, that was his rule of life; *this* will he discerned in the failure, as well as in the success of his undertakings; and whatever was the result of them, he en-

joyed at least the satisfaction arising from earnest, zealous, and faithful endeavors to perform his duty.

"In common with others, who have rendered important services to mankind, and made themselves truly great, he early acquired, and retained through life, the invaluable habit of industry.

"He possessed also those attractions, which are conferred by the graces; being, from the sphere in which he has always moved, a gentleman, as well as a scholar and a man of business.

"All his endowments, natural and acquired, all the operations of his mind and heart, were subjected to the control of religious and moral principle. He was a pious and good, as well as a great man. As might have been expected from one so enlightened, he was liberal and catholic in his sentiments and feelings; and though, among the various institutions of the commonwealth, he had the preservation of its religious establishments greatly at heart, 'he did not place religion so much in particular forms and modes of worship, or discipline, as in those substantial and weighty matters of the Gospel, *righteousness, faith and charity.*'" pp. 122-123.

The work has been published under the editorship and supervision of Mr Pickering, an early and attached friend of the author, who has executed his task in a manner which much enhances its value. It is a difficult thing to fill up a plan, the sketch of which has been drawn by another hand, and that difficulty is perhaps increased, if we have to conjecture the wishes of a valued friend, and feel that his reputation is in some measure entrusted to our care. To no one could this delicate duty have been with more propriety tendered than to the present editor, whether we consider his long and intimate acquaintance with the author, his interest in the subject or his high literary reputation, and it is certainly not too much to say that no one could have executed it more judiciously and acceptably. He has assembled in the Appendix a great variety of interesting and miscellaneous matter relating to the University, essential to a thorough knowledge of its history, and even interesting to those who are attached to it. We feel particularly obliged to him for the correspondence between the Hon. Paine Wingate and the author, which preserves many of those little facts which are never recorded except in the memories of men, but which give a more lively picture of the state of the College and of the times, than solemn academic acts and official reports.

We shall not attempt to give an analysis or abstract of the History of the University, which its condensed style would render almost impossible, but will ask the attention of our readers to the consideration of a few things which struck us in its perusal, as either peculiarly interesting in themselves or as illustrative of the times.

The University dates its existence from an act of the General Court, in 1636, by which they voted £400, towards the erection of a public "school or college," to be situated at Newtown (which name was afterwards changed to Cambridge,) "a place very pleasant and accommodate" and "then under the orthodox and soul-flourishing ministry of Mr Thomas Sheaphard." This most liberal appropriation, taking into consideration also the time at which it was made, speaks volumes in praise of our fathers, and cannot now be reflected upon by their descendants without a throb of honest pride. This took place only six years from the first settlement of Boston, and only sixteen years from the landing at Plymouth, at a time when they were struggling for very existence, surrounded with vast and unexplored wildernesses inhabited by savage foes, whom imagination invested with more than their real terrors. One would have supposed that the sustenance and protection of their bodily lives would have engrossed their whole thoughts; but with what noble wisdom they set about providing the mind with convenient food, and with what high-minded disinterestedness they gave up so large a portion of their scanty means for the good of posterity and "that learning might not sleep in the graves of their fathers!" Mr Peirce remarks with equal truth and beauty on this subject.

"To minds less enlightened, less impressed with the value of liberal studies, and less resolved on achieving whatever duty commanded, such a project would have presented itself in vain; but from the fathers of New England it was precisely the measure which was to have been expected; it flowed from their principles and character, as an effect from its legitimate cause; and, while the qualities of a stream are a test of the nature of its source, this venerable institution must be regarded as a memorial of the wisdom and virtue of its pious founders." p. 2.

The regular course of academic instruction began in 1638, and in 1639 it was ordered that the College should be called Harvard College, in honor of its great benefactor, the Rev. John Harvard. It was at first under the charge of Nathaniel

Eaton, who, as Cotton Mather says, "was a brave scholar, but cruel withal, and was fined 100 marks, for beating a young gentleman (his usher) unmercifully with a cudgel." That this ruffian should have attempted to beat his usher, shews the spirit of subordination that prevailed throughout the community in those days. He was also accused of ill-treating the students in various ways, and of giving them bad and scanty diet, a source of complaint which, curiously enough, began at the very foundation of the College, and has continued to break out from time to time to the present day. The stomach is a delicate and sensitive organ, and a large proportion of the rebellions and disturbances, which have agitated our Alma Mater, have had their origin in injuries real or imaginary, which have been offered to it. There is much truth in the old Greek proverb, "Χαλεπὸν ἔστι λέγειν πρὸς γαστέρα, ὥτα οὐκ εἶχουσιν."

There is some very amusing matter in the Appendix touching this Mr Nathaniel Eaton, extracted from Winthrop's journal and the notes by his learned editor, Mr Savage. We learn that he beat his unfortunate usher with a walnut tree cudgel "a yard in length and big enough to have killed a horse," he being, as we suppose, harder to kill than a horse, as indeed we might infer from the result, for it seems that his savage master gave him "two hundred stripes about the head and shoulders" with the aforesaid cudgel, "and so kept him under blows (with some two or three short intermissions) about the space of two hours." No head, made as heads are made now-a-days, could have survived such treatment; but we fancy there is something of legal exaggeration in the statement of the case. When he was questioned about the ill and scanty diet of his boarders, "for although their friends gave large allowance, yet their diet was ordinarily nothing but porridge and pudding, and that very homely," with that want of chivalrous gallantry which might be expected from his cruel ferocity, he laid all the blame upon his wife. Mr Savage, in his note to the above, has furnished a curious paper, which, without doubt, is the statement given by this Mrs Eaton, in regard to the charges brought against her domestic economy. It is a very amusing document, and we should extract it, if we had room. It is full of contrition and humble acknowledgment, and laughable as the whole affair is, we cannot help feeling touched with that conjugal affection which makes her so

ready to transfer all the blame to herself, and to exonerate her unworthy husband. From its very submissive tone, we are afraid that Mr Eaton had long kept a "walnut tree cudgel" in his house, and that too of much more than the orthodox thickness of a man's little finger. This trouble about the diet of the students was gravely investigated by the government of the State. How times have altered now! Imagine the legislative fathers of the Commonwealth, sitting in solemn deliberation upon petulant complaints of rancid butter, weak tea, sour bread and tainted meat. "*Risum teneatis amici.*"

The wheel of time has brought about strange revolutions in the character of the Commencement exercises. Orations, Dissertations and Forensics, "*in lingua vernaculâ,*" are luxuries of comparatively modern growth. Within the memory of some who are now alive, the principal exercises consisted of a Syllogistic Dissertation in Latin, in which four or five distinguished scholars were appointed respondents, to whom was assigned the task of defending certain positions, which the rest of the class severally opposed and attacked. All this was done in Latin and in the form of Syllogisms and Theses, and must have been very edifying to the audience. A list is preserved of the Theses which were defended by the first graduating class in 1642, from which we cull a few specimens, which, we think, will make our young scholars bless their stars, that they were born in these later days. "*Causa sine qua non, non est peculiaris causa a quatuor reliquis generalibus*"; "*Axioma contingens est, quod ita verum est ut aliquando falsum esse possit*"; "*Forma est principium individuationis*"; "*Unius rei non est nisi unica forma constitutiva,*" &c. &c. We can imagine the blank dismay which would paint the countenance of one of our blooming orators, if he were called upon to defend "*pro virili parte,*" as the order of performances was wont to say, one of the above Theses, in Latin Syllogisms. The Masters were expected to soar to a higher elevation, to plunge to a lower depth in scholastic metaphysics, as will be seen by the following questions "*methodically to be discussed by the candidates for the degree of Master of Arts*" at the Commencement in 1743. "*An ex operibus Sanctificationi comitantibus, optime exquiratur Justificatio*"; "*An Spiritus Sancti operatio in mente, sit causa naturalis impropria*

erroris." "An Conscientia invincibiliter erronea sit inculpabilis."

The sons of Harvard will read with great pleasure and interest the indications scattered through Mr Peirce's volume, of the pride and affection with which our fathers looked upon the University, and the large space which it occupied in the public mind. Life has become so crowded with stirring interests, and men are whirled with such railroad velocity, through so great a variety of excitements, that a peaceful literary institution claims but little room, except in the thoughts of the few scholars, who have anchored their barks in those calm recesses, which are hardly rippled by the great current that sweeps along in foam and thunder. But it was not so a hundred years ago. We were then a "feeble folk"—an infant colony, supporting our tottering steps, by clinging to the robes of our mother over the deep. The peculiar character of our fathers gave to learned men in general, and to the clergy in particular, a great influence out of their own sphere. Harvard College was long the eye of New England. It was looked up to with pride and veneration. Every leading man felt a strong personal interest in it, and regarded the prosperity of the colony as largely involved in its own. Thus the death of President Leverett is spoken of as a "dark and awful Providence," a "heavy judgment of God," a "token of his anger," a "sore frown upon the College." When President Wadsworth died, it was voted by the Corporation, that, "whereas the choosing of a President is a matter of great concern, it be proposed to the Honorable and Reverend Overseers, that they with the Corporation, might spend some convenient time in prayer to God for his gracious direction in that important affair." We find the General Court voting to President Wadsworth, one hundred and fifty pounds, "to enable him to enter upon and manage the great affair of President of Harvard College, to which he is appointed." The sense of the value and importance of the College, which was entertained, may be learned from the liberal appropriations made to it from time to time by the General Court, and by the amount of personal benefactions. The great number of small gifts and legacies, from men of humble fortunes, shows at once the high respect in which learning was held, and the spirit of generous self-sacrifice which distinguished the times.

It would be doing injustice to Mr Peirce, to withhold from the reader his appropriate and feeling remarks on this subject.

"In looking over the list of early benefactions to the College, we are amused, when we read of a number of sheep bequeathed by one man, a quantity of cotton cloth worth nine shillings presented by another, a pewter flagon worth ten shillings by a third, a fruit-dish, a sugar-spoon, a silver-tipt jug, one great salt, one small trencher-salt, by others; and of presents or legacies amounting severally to five shillings, nine shillings, one pound, two pounds, &c., all faithfully recorded with the names of their respective donors. How soon does a little reflection change any disposition we may have to smile, into a feeling of respect, and even of admiration! What, in fact, were these humble benefactions? They were contributions from the '*res angusta domi*;' from pious, virtuous, enlightened penury, to the noblest of all causes, the advancement of education. The donations were *small*, for the people were *poor*; they leave no doubt as to the motives which actuated the donors; they remind us of the offering, from 'every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation;' and, like the widow's mite, indicate a respect and zeal for the object, which would have done greater things, had the means been more abundant." p. 17.

It is a curious trait, and characteristic of the stern discipline of the times, that personal chastisement was for a long time tolerated and practised in the College. It is related in Judge Sewall's MS. diary, that in June, 1674, Thomas Sargeant, having been convicted of speaking blasphemous words concerning the Holy Ghost, was, among other punishments, publicly whipped before all the scholars in the library, *prayer being had before and after by the President!* Notwithstanding the barbarity of this law, and the constant troubles it produced, it for a very long time maintained its place in the statute book; for in the revised body of laws made in the year 1734, we find this article. "Notwithstanding the preceding pecuniary mulcts, it shall be lawful for the President, Tutors and Professors, to punish Undergraduates by boxing, when they shall judge the nature or circumstances of the offence call for it." It soon after however fell into disuse, and at length, as Mr Peirce says, "was expunged from the code, never, we trust, to be recalled from the rubbish of past absurdities."

In the earliest annals of the College, the students seem to have indulged very little in those wild freaks which now so often perplex professors. In those days grave youths ripened into austere men. A dissipated or even frolicsome young puritan seems as paradoxical an idea as can well be imagined. We have a notion that their infants wore long faces and that their knee-buckled urchins crept to school with leaden steps and talked of "wonder-working Providences," instead of hoops and marbles. As the country grew older and richer, however, lively fancies began to be begotten in the blood of wigged and stiff-skirted youth. Thus in 1740, a Committee appointed to inquire into the state of the College, reported a long list of grievances and enormities. The students are accused of "*improving* persons in fetching liquors" and of wearing silk night-gowns. The Committee speak of the "disorders upon the day of the Senior Sophisters meeting to choose the officers of the class, when it was usual for each scholar to bring a bottle of wine with him, which practice the Committee apprehend has a natural tendency to produce disorders." A curious law was passed in 1761, "that it shall be deemed no offence, if the scholars shall in a *sober manner* entertain one another and strangers with *punch*, (which, as it is now usually made, is no intoxicating liquor) any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding." Heads must have been stronger, or brandy weaker in those days than they are now. Perhaps there were private explanations given of the above law, and the meaning of "*sober manner*" exactly defined. Perhaps the number of glasses was settled, or the proportions of brandy, water, lemon juice and sugar, established by official statute. Perhaps a test (still in vogue) was applied, and if any one was suspected of taking his punch too strong, or in more than a sober quantity, he might have been required to "walk a crack," while the President and Professors diligently scanned the extent of his aberrations from a straight line.

But it is time for us to bring our remarks to a close, though we should gladly linger longer among the monuments and recollections of the past. Not only the sons of Harvard, but all who are desirous of knowing and appreciating the character and motives of our fathers, should give this work a place in their libraries. Those who are attached, through all the cares and distractions of life, to their Alma

Mater, will read it with enthusiasm, and have their love and veneration increased by the perusal. Who can look back, without an honest pride, upon her long and honorable career; the many great men that have gone forth from her peaceful bowers, to be the benefactors and elevators of their race; the principles of scholarship, pure morality and religion, which have flowed from her, as from a fountain, to water and fertilize the land? Often assailed by evil tongues, and liable to the imperfections attendant upon all things human, her course has been, almost uniformly, high, dignified, consistent and upright. The light that was kindled in darkness and long shone with a faint lustre, now burns with a broad and steady gleam, and thousands have lighted their lamps by it. Emulous and answering flames have flashed up throughout the land, lighting up a thousand hills and valleys, and throwing the illumination of letters and science over the remotest south and west. Well may "her children rise up and call her blessed"; and who will refuse to join in the prayer, which with filial affection, they make, "ESTO PERPETUA"?

ART. VI.—*Introductory Discourse, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at Boston, August 22, 1833.* By WILLIAM SULLIVAN, one of the Officers of the Institute. Boston: Carter, Hende & Co. 1833. 8vo. , pp. 34.

MR SULLIVAN, by his popular writings within a few years past, has done much service to the cause of education. His class books have had a very wide circulation and we doubt not have produced happy results. His Political Class Book especially, which explains in a very lucid and simple manner the nature and operations of our constitutional form of government in its various branches, supplies a deficiency which had long been felt in our higher schools, and has afforded to pupils an elementary knowledge possessed but by few of the great body of our yeomanry and artisans, who form so large a portion of the strength and intelligence of the country.

The present discourse, which was delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, is a praiseworthy production, written in a neat and unpretending style and embracing views upon education which deserve to be extensively

inculcated and carried into operation. The American Institute was projected in the spring of 1830, by several gentlemen engaged in the business of instruction. They formed a constitution for the society, and called a convention of the friends of education to meet in Boston on the 19th of August, in that year. Meanwhile they invited gentlemen to give lectures before the convention upon subjects of interest to the cause of education. At the meeting in August several hundred persons were present, principally teachers from eleven different States. The introductory discourse was delivered by President Wayland, of Brown University, on "the object of intellectual education, and the manner in which that object is to be obtained." This was followed by lectures from thirteen different gentlemen, most of whom, if not all, are practically experienced in teaching. At this meeting a constitution for the government of the society was adopted. The general object of the society is "*the diffusion of useful knowledge in regard to education.*" Its members, many of whom are distinguished scholars, are numerous, and belong to almost every part of the Union. The chief mode of accomplishing the praiseworthy design of the Institute, is by bringing together at the annual meeting in August, teachers both male and female from every quarter, and other gentlemen interested in education, and by appropriate lectures and discussions touching the objects of the association, to excite that sympathy and promote that improvement among the members, that may lead through their influence upon schools, upon the higher seminaries, and upon the public in general, to an advanced state of moral, intellectual and physical education throughout the land. The first volume of the society's publications embraces the lectures delivered in 1830, commencing with an introductory discourse by President Wayland, the constitution of the society, and a list of the officers. The second volume contains the lectures delivered in August, 1831, with an introductory discourse by Rev. James Walker, of Charlestown, Mass., the journal of proceedings, several communications on school houses, their construction, &c., the act of incorporation, &c. The third contains an introductory discourse by the Hon. Francis C. Gray, and the *series* of lectures delivered in August, 1832, with the journal of proceedings, &c. The annual meeting in August is continued for five days; during which, the time,

not consumed by the lectures, is occupied in friendly discussion by the members, on questions connected with the interests of education. These discussions are conducted with all the forms of regular debate, and with a good degree of animation and zeal. The Institute we trust will be of some benefit, by collecting together a large number of individuals pursuing the same great object, by exciting inquiry, and by comparing and interchanging opinions. We are not of those who look for such changes or such improvements in education as will reform the world and alter the whole complexion of society. Far better however than the hot bed system and the superficial study of many branches now in vogue, would it be to go back to the old modes, whatever may be their defects. The prevailing error at present is the pressing too severely at an early age the intellectual culture, and neglecting the moral and physical education. We see symptoms of the returning good sense of the community, and we trust it will ere long become the reigning sense, in opposition to the ambition of any particular instructors, and the fond and foolish hearts of some parents. If the Institute will accomplish this, or open the way to it, they will do a good work, fully worthy of all their labors and pains.

The discourse of Mr Sullivan, first published in a pamphlet form, will be contained, we understand, in the fourth volume of the Society's publications, now in press. It is a good effort in a good cause. It urges greater attention to the physical education of the child, but is chiefly occupied in pointing out the defects of the present system as a moral scheme, and in showing that the course of education, while it furnishes instruction in various branches of learning, does not teach *how to live*, or *for what to live*. This is illustrated at some length, and the conclusion is drawn that the present evil "arises from the general prevalence of unsound opinions as to worldly good; and from the habit into which the members of society have fallen, of making *comparisons* between their own condition and that of others." This is further enforced in some appropriate remarks connected with valuable sentiments upon the indispensable importance of moral culture as a controlling power, without which learning will be of little value, if not of positive evil.

We recommend this discourse to our readers as deserving of attentive perusal for the truths it enforces and the errors

it points out — and will close with two extracts regarding the interests of our own country.

“What is that, in which the people of the United States consider themselves to be privileged, far above every other people; and to gain which a majority of all who dwell in Europe would gladly risk their lives? One knows not what it is, unless it be the right of choosing rulers from among equals. Yet, through this, which is not only a good thing politically, but the best political thing that can be, this country seems to be hurrying on to as deplorable a condition as any which is seen in Europe, or South America. How should it be otherwise? We go on, from generation to generation, as though a clear knowledge of the rights and duties of a free citizen could be had, throughout our extensive country, by some sort of inspiration. We all know, every citizen is presumed to judge of public policy, and to be able, if it be wicked or unwise, to correct it, by exercising his electoral right. Yet, there is not one youth in a thousand, even among the best educated, who ever spent an hour in studying the principles of our political and social being. It will not be denied, that nearly all our children pass from minority into citizenship, and all its serious duties, without one word of instruction as to the nature of these duties, nor even that there are any such duties. If a youth observes at all what is passing in the political world, he only reads some speech, as a specimen of eloquence; or notices some electioneering controversy, which must seem to him to be of much the same dignity as a combat among gladiators; and if the election involve some principle of constitutional law, or of vital expediency, these lie far beyond his perception. How should he have learned, that on the conscientious exercise of electoral right, depends the welfare of himself, of all around him, and of all who are to come after him? It never entered his head that a sacred trust will soon devolve on him, for which he will be held far more seriously accountable than he can be, for any other trust, which it may be in his power to assume.

“If there be any among us who think they discern in the signs of the times, that this country is fast hastening under the dominion of factions, as audacious, and corrupt, as any ever known within the walls of Rome, surely they must feel that they have some duties to perform. If they can do nothing to arouse and inform adult age, grateful reverence to forefathers, affection for those who are of their own times, and faithfulness to coming generations, unitedly demand of them to do their best and utmost, to instruct and purify the young.” pp. 23, 24.

After some observations upon slavery, and expressing his own opinion and the opinion of the great body of well

informed men at the north, reprobating any interference with this subject, tending to immediate and unconditional emancipation, he adds,

"In contemplating the future, the question of slavery is not the only subject which excites lively interest, and suggests inquiry into the duties which we owe to ourselves, our children, and to posterity.

"As everything human which is best, is liable to worst perversion, a country which has perfect political and religious freedom, must expect to encounter the most dangerous abuses. We shall have 'friends of the people,' as though there could be *enemies* of the people, where every male adult must be one of the people. We shall hear taking popular phrases, which though they mean nothing, confer like Greek apothegms, immortality on the inventors. We shall have patriots, who like Swiss soldiery, are faithful to the last drop, to the power that pays best. For real republicanism we shall have parties, in which gifted leaders inspire all the zeal, and command all the effort, which belong to honest patriotism. We shall have politicians, who think the sober trust of ruling a free community is a mere game, in which he may win most, who plays deepest, with the most skill, and with the least honor. For the practical and pure doctrines of enlightened Christianity, we shall have form and sound, which leave the mind and heart in the same dull night in which they found them, and terrified by the darkness which they have made visible. We shall have wretches, who, though they can look abroad on this wonderful universe, and inwardly on the action of their own immortal spirit, try to say to themselves, *there is no GOD*.

"How are these liabilities to abuse to be met, and counteracted? In no way but by performing the sacred and beneficent trust which our Creator has reposed in us; and especially by taking the pure soil of early youth, and making that to yield as we know it can do. But why should any one task himself with this irksome labor? Because, there must come to every mortal, who is not a fool, or whose soul has not lost all sense in the tanning of iniquity, an hour, in which he must ask and answer the question, *Why was life given to me, and how have I spent it?*" pp. 29, 30.

ART. VII. — *The Martyr's Triumph; Buried Valley; and other Poems.* By GRENVILLE MELLEN. Boston: Lilly, Wait, Colman & Holden. 1833. 12mo. pp. 300.

THIS volume of poems comes out in a seemly form, fair type and fine clear paper. It does great honor to the taste of the getter up of the book, and is a handsome tenant of the center table and the shelf. There is much in the poetry of Mr Mellen which deserves this beautiful dress. We hope it will be taken up by all who love the Muse, especially when she tunes her lyre to an American song.

The two principal poems in the volume are, "The Martyr's Triumph" and "The Buried Valley." The theme of the former demands a solemn strain. — The first man who suffered martyrdom in Britain, in the cause of the Christian faith. To sing worthily of this high argument, the poet must have gone to a holier spring of inspiration than the Castalian stream — "to Siloa's fount, that flowed fast by the oracles of God." Mr Mellen has handled his subject with much poetic power. He enters into it with all the energy of his soul. It calls on his deepest sympathies, and he pours out his feelings in a full and majestic tide of song. The following extract is we think in his best manner. It is taken from the invocation to "Conscience," at the beginning of the poem.

"Voice of the viewless spirit! that hast rung
Through the still chambers of the human heart,
Since our first parents in sweet Eden sung
Their low lament in tears — thou voice, that art
Around us and above us, sounding on
With a perpetual echo, 'tis on thee,
The ministry sublime to wake and warn! —
Full of that high and wondrous Deity,
That call'd existence out from Chaos' lonely sea!

"Voice that art heard through every age and clime,
Commanding like a trumpet every ear
That lends no heeding to the sounds of Time,
Seal'd up, for aye, from cradle to the bier!
Thatallest, like a watchman's through the night,
Round those who sit in joy and those who weep,
Yet startling all men with thy tones of might —
O voice, that dwellest in the hallowed deep
Of our own bosom's silence — eloquent in sleep!

"That comest in the clearness of thy power,
Amid the crashing battle's wild uproar,
Stern as at peaceful midnight's leaden hour;
That talkest by the ocean's bellowing shore,
When surge meets surge in revelry, and lifts
Its booming voice above the weltering sea;
That risest loudly mid the roaring cliffs,
And o'er the deep-mouth'd thunder goest free,
E'en as the silver tones of quiet infancy!

"Spirit of God! what sovereignty is thine!
Thine is no homage of the bended knee;
Thou hast of vassalage no human sign;
Yet monarchs hold no royal rule like thee!
Unlike the crowned idols of our race,
Thou dost no earthly pomp about thee cast,
Thou tireless sentinel of elder days! —
Who, who to CONSCIENCE doth not bow at last,
Old Arbiter of Time — the present and the past!

"Thou wast from God when the green earth was young,
And man enchanted ro'v'd amid its flowers,
When faultless woman to his bosom clung,
Or led him through her paradise of bowers;
Where love's low whispers from the Garden rose,
And both amid its bloom and beauty bent,
In the long luxury of their first repose!
When the whole earth was incense, and there went
Perpetual praise from altars to the firmament.

"O being of the sky! — could I declare
Thy majesty of birth — thy proud descent —
The image of the glorious thou didst bear,
When God's first bow above creation bent;
Could I proclaim some story of thy power,
Or wake some long forgotten note again,
That thrill'd the listener in some happier hour,
My humble lyre perchance might yield a strain,
Which, tho' a weary one, had not been struck in vain.

"Lo! then, I hail thee in the first pure home
Of unpolluted man — of him, who bow'd
Under the arches of this high blue dome,
And saw a worship in the sea and cloud!
Who, like a monarch, with an eagle glance,
And aspirations royal, unconfin'd,
Trode the large realm of his inheritance;
Of man! that creature of the Eternal Mind —
Art's last perfection — by Omnipotence designed!

"Why kneels he on the broad and quivering earth,
And pours his volumed spirit out in prayer,
If the Divinity claim not its birth,
Its unbought power, and noble lineage there!

What can he ask, to whom a world is given ?
 Why kneels he till his long locks veil his brow —
 The privileg'd and proud ! — the child of Heaven !
 'Tis no idolatry that sways him now,
 But the deep voice of duty bids him bless and bow !

" He walks while morn is gathering in the sky,
 Up through the wilderness of clouds and dew ;
 And the World's worship breaks upon his eye,
 In service grand, perpetual, and new.
 He sees the kindling of the elements ;
 And on his bounding bosom's glad surprise
 Comes a strange awe, undreamt-of and intense !
 His heart goes out in praises, and he cries
 In wonder and in joy throughout his Paradise !

" Then in the deep, deep sabbath of the noon,
 When from the heated hills there wavering goes
 A summer incense up, and the bow'd bloom
 Recoils beneath the withering repose,
 He passes to the shade of mountain dell,
 Mid clustering bees, and herds, a panting throng,
 And casts him by some leaf-embosom'd well —
 His faint lips move in low unutter'd song,
 And silent thankfulness bides on him — deep and long.

" He walks again, when evening like a cloud
 Bows down in shadow from the wooded hills,
 And night steals onward in her starry shroud,
 And her bright company the concave fills ;
 He hears them quiring thro' the unfathom'd arch
 Of the great sky — the silver crowns they wear,
 Pouring a ceaseless lustre round their march !
 Then go the vesper chant, and joyous prayer
 Up from his leaping soul, like birds — for God is there !"

pp. 9-13.

The power of conscience is set forth with great beauty and illustrated with depth of thought. Its influence is carried into all conditions of life, and examples strikingly in point are brought out from the pages of sacred and profane history. The topic is adorned with much fine imagery, and the verse flows sweetly and solemnly. The whole is an apt introduction to the poem, inasmuch as this illustrates the power of conscience under the most trying circumstances, leading to martyrdom, the highest triumph of the Christian faith.

" It is the cry of giant men, up-springing
 Under the waking sky — aloud and free !
 Their sunder'd chains and bars about them ringing,
 As they emerge to light and liberty !

The Liberty of God — the light of mind —
 The panting Spirit's freedom — all are theirs !
 No earthly laurels to their brows they bind,
 But each that finer flush of glory bears,
 Which the high-purpos'd soul and destiny declares.

"They hear the Chastener's voice, bidding awake
 To watch, to pray, to suffer, and to die ;
 The Bible to their belted bosoms take,
 And lead the van to immortality.
 They see new hope and promise offer'd there,
 And march, the marshall'd witnesses of power !
 Not with the pomp which earthly victors wear,
 But in the moral strength of that great hour,
 That o'er the heaving land like Israel's cloud did tower !

"Henceforth no rest forever ! But a joy
 Shines ceaseless round the Christian's pilgrimage :
 To his bold breast he takes his idol boy,
 And points him to that Heaven-illumin'd page ;
 And — ' there, when to the sullen tomb I go,
 My brave first born,' he cries, ' at night kneel down,
 And let your spirit like a fountain flow
 To the great God of Israel, who will own
 And bless you, when earth's last best Comforter has flown.' "

"Thus o'er the sleeping energies of man,
 First broke the indignant mandate of the soul.
 And lo ! the unshrinking who defied the ban
 Of an arm'd world, and drain'd the martyr's bowl,
 Went to sublime reward ; but as they rose,
 And wav'd from closing clouds their dim farewell,
 There sank a sterner, deadlier repose
 Round those on whom the parted mantle fell ;
 The silence of deep night before the trumpet's swell !"

pp. 24, 25.

The action of the poem begins with the second canto. A Christian wanderer, driven from his ruined home by persecution, flees to England. He is a man who has known the joys of life, but has been bereft of them all. His consolation is in religion, and he has gone forth, trusting in the arm of God. His foes track him, and he is driven to seek a hiding-place in a pagan abode, which he finds filled with the shrines and images of heathen worship. The master of the mansion, struck with pity, by the forlornness of the stranger, takes him in and gives him shelter and safety. By some mysterious power, the pilgrim brings down the haughtiness of the pagan, and teaches him to revere the christian faith. After the conversion, the two Christians hold together

a sabbath worship, but at its close a shout of pursuers is heard,

“ ——— a crashing sound
Is rolling up through chamber and through hall,
And for the ‘Christian dog’ they loud and louder call !”

The Christian rushes forth to meet them, ready to die in the cause of his master, but is stopped by Alban, his newly found friend. By him he is led to a “low-browed postern,” and sent away “into the forest solitudes.” Alban, after uttering the words, “we meet again,” goes to the rude revellers, declares himself a Christian, and is borne away, amidst the taunts and jeers of his captors, to take his doom from the heathen Lord of the realm. He quails not under the fierce glance of his judge, but boldly confesses his faith and challenges the decree of death. The usual trial is made the test of his strength of purpose, the Christian will not utter the vow to Jove, and so receives his doom.

The following scene of martyrdom closes the poem :

“For lo ! the mustering clouds are rolling out
Their volumes to the zenith — and a light,
Wing’d courier of the thunder’s distant shout,
Is blazing in that van of second night ;
‘Now, Christian — now ! summon from yonder sky
Thy God, thy Christ, for on no mortal arm
Comes thy salvation.’ — With a quenchless eye
He looks abroad, unconquerably calm,
While his drunk demons madden with a quick alarm.

“His hands are stretch’d in praise, and at a glance
From the fiend-leader to that wither’d tree,
Transfix’d, each struggles with a shivering lance —
And Alban bows him in his agony !
Swift on the fagot-pile the torch is waved,
And round his bosom leaps the living fire ;
While the scarr’d oak that centuries has braved,
Smote by the bolt, now blazes like a pyre,
Mid lightning, storm, and earthquake bellowing deep and dire !

“Not yet, not yet the martyr dies. He sees
His triumph on its way. He hears the crash
Of the loud thunder round his enemies,
And dim, thro’ tears of blood, he sees it dash
His dwelling and its idols. Joy to him !
The Lord, the Lord hath spoken from the sky !
And loftier glories on his eyeballs swim ! —
He hears the trumpet of Eternity,
Calling his spirit home — a clarion voice on high !

"Yet, yet one moment linger! Who are they
That sweep far off, along the quivering air!
It is God's bright, immortal company —
The martyr Pilgrim and his band are there!
Shadows with golden crowns, and sounding lyres,
And the white royal robes are issuing out,
And beckon upward thro' the wreathing fires,
The blazing pathway compassing about,
With radiant heads unveil'd, and anthem's joyful shout!

"He sees, he hears! upon his dying gaze,
Forth from the throng one bright-hair'd angel near,
Stoops his red pinion thro' the mantling blaze —
It is the Heaven-triumphing Wanderer!
'I come, *we meet again*!' — the martyr cries,
And smiles of deathless glory round him play —
Then on that flaming Cross he bows — and dies!
His ashes eddy on the sinking day,
While thro' the roaring oak his spirit wings its way!"

pp. 43-45.

Such is a skeleton sketch of this poem. It is wrought up with no common power, and filled with noble moral sentiments. The descriptions are often in a high style of art, and many expressions occur scattered all over the poem, of weighty and condensed meaning. But there are some faults in the execution, which we shall touch upon by and by.

The last poem in the volume is called "The Buried Valley," and is founded on the well-known event of the avalanche among the White Mountains. Of this poem it is but justice to say that it contains much vigorous description, and many nervous verses. Yet we think that as a whole it will be found less taking, notwithstanding the subject, than the Martyrdom. The wildness of the measure, and the broken fragments of sentences, which may in some sort be looked on as imaging in words the dreadful uproar of the scene, make it hard to be followed and understood. There is running through it a vein of lyric license, which reduces the reader's mind to the necessity of much pains-taking, to keep pace with the poet's inspiration. But it is a poem of considerable power, and is adorned with vivid imagery. The following is the conclusion:

"Now fix'd as statue's grew my gaze!
Forth from that little cabin sprung
A thing of life — and — suddenly another!
A human form — and others round it clung.

O God ! perhaps some frantic mother
 Bow'd with her children ! — see,
 They issue with their arms upflung,
 As if in hurried prayer
 For the great hills to fall, and yet they flee ;
 A household — forth, at night — in agony !
 Sped on by black despair !
 In vain — in vain !

The tide is on them — flash on flash
 The red earth rolls, a madd'ning main,
 But they heed not ; hear not cry nor crash,
 Nor yet the fiery rain ;
 And ere their hands have met
 To clasp in common doom,
 The whelming foot of Destiny is set,
 Above their traceless tomb !

I saw them swept
 Before that rocky wave ;
 They slept,
 And Chaos was their grave.

* * *
 No more — no more !
 Darkness my vision fills ;
 One shriek of horror to the winds I pour —
 — I fell upon the hills.
 * * *

'Twas deep noon as I issued forth
 Upon that stricken vale.
 Light clouds were coming from the North,
 On high and fleecy sail,
 And thro' them bow'd the blue,
 With the bounding breezes cool,
 And a sacred glory rob'd anew,
 Intensely beautiful !

It was stern quiet now
 Between those massy walls ;
 And echoless each shatter'd brow
 Thro' which the noontide falls.

But hark ! the voice of low lament ;
 A little band steals by,
 With lingering feet, and faces bent
 Inquiringly.

And seek ye for your friends ? — Alas !
 So might ye from the bark
 Call on the shuddering sea
 To render up her dead !
 Ye did not see them pass
 Without their warning or their shrouds
 To their bed,
 Deep down, and dark ! —
 Go — trace the footsteps of the clouds.

The cottage-home was there,
 A peaceful smoke upcurl'd
 Into the stillness, in a slow gray wreath
 Over that lonely roof, that stood
 The earthquake's leaping breath,
 In the pathway of the flood,
 Alone unmov'd amid a crumbled world !
 The cottage-home — but where, O where,
 The voice of mirth,
 And children with the bright young hair
 That cluster'd round its hearth !
 Ask not — ask not the tale —
 — Go look upon that BURIED VALE !" pp. 294-297.

Among the many good things of Mr Mellen's poetry, there are some faults which take from the wholeness of the effect. We meet, from time to time, with vague and misty descriptions, with ill-suited epithets, with prettinesses of expression, and with a few pet words, such as *the beautiful*, *his beautiful*, *the brave*, and so on. We do not like this line ;

"When from the new-born earth, *young incense* curl'd."

Nor this ;

—————"his pallid brow
Bathed in the risen morning as a flood."

Nor this ;

"And pride's curs'd diadem depart that crowns it now."

The shorter poems are marked more strongly with these faults, the poem on Columbus, strangely so.

In stanza I. what is the meaning of the line,

"In thy *heart-burying* surprise" ?

In stanza II. the "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," is represented as a "singular title" of Columbus. It is not singular in the Spanish idiom, but was a merely official title in distinction from the "Admiral of the Mediterranean Sea."

In stanza IV. what is the meaning of

"Sink crucifix and crown" ?

And why is the epithet *dark* repeated in the next line but two ?

In stanza V. what is the meaning of

"On his bright *path of tears*" ?

In stanza XI. what is the meaning of

"Oblivion — drop thy iron veil
O'er thoughts *that rise like 'souls in bale,'*
On crushed and thankless Spain" ?

In stanza XII. what is the meaning of "*one verdant foot-step*" ?

But there are some beautiful little gems of song. The following is perhaps the liveliest, and what is better, the truth of it will be echoed by those of our readers who have, like the poet, heard with their own ears.

"TO HELEN.

"Music came down from Heaven to thee,
A spirit of repose —
A fine, mysterious melody,
That ceaseless round thee flows ;
Should Joy's fast waves dash o'er thy soul,
In free and reckless throng,
What Music answers from the whole,
In thy resistless song !

"Oh ! Music came a boon to thee,
From yon harmonious spheres ;
An influence from eternity,
To charm us from our tears !
Should Grief's dim phantoms then conspire
To tread thy heart along,
Thou shalt but seize thy wavy lyre,
And whelm them all in song !

"Yes, thine 's a blest inheritance,
Since to thy lips 'tis given,
To lure from its long sorrows hence
The spirit pall'd and riven !
Go, unto none on earth but thee
Such angel tones belong ;
For thou wert born of melody,
Thy soul was bath'd in song !" pp. 152, 153.

The faults which are found in some pieces of this volume, lead us to a few thoughts on the poetical aspect of the age. Since the days of Cowper, a strange change has come over the workings of the spirit of poetry ; or perhaps it may have been the natural turn in the course of human thought. With a language rich in all the means of lively expression, of clear strong description, of nervous and heart-stirring eloquence, the English poets have become the most affected,

misty, and unnatural beings in creation. They see visions and they dream dreams. They are full of "sudden startings," and "choking sighs," such as should "ne'er be repeated." A favorite figure with them is apostrophe, which gives to poetic inspiration much the appearance of a spasmodic fit. They have a set of pretty little silly phrases, that mean about as much as the simpering sentimentalism of a boarding-school miss, who has sighed away her insipid little soul over the musical nothings of Thomas Moore. When they get into a passion, or rather get a passion into *them*, they make it wondrously like a thunder storm in a tea pot; and they pour it out with a sort of mental hissing, which betokens the bubbling up and boiling over of the vapory stuff within. Nothing is told in plain words. All thought is twisted into strange shapes, till nobody would believe it to be thought at all. They have a pious horror, not of common-place ideas, for ideas are the last things looked after, but of what they deem to be common-place expressions. All the natural forms of speech, all the hearty ways of telling what the heart feels, are shut out from the poets' "word-book" with as much care as if they were pestilential. They have sounded the depth of *unmeaningness* and gone to the bottom of that almost bottomless pit. Rising in slowly widening circles, a countless throng of poets and poetasters crowd on each others' heels, like the souls of the dead sinners in Dante's hell, with Alfred Tennyson, like Lucifer, below them all. It would be a sore weariness to set these spirits of darkness, rank and file, in their proper places. That is a work for Time, the great Marshal of departed genius. Even the best poets of the day are touched with these and the like vices. Byron, with his satanism and his mysticism; Wordsworth, with his theories and his *naturalisms*; Scott, with his border-heroism, and careless *versification*; Southey, with his Curse-of-Kehamaism; Coleridge, with his Metaphysics, which "certain of our own poets," and cloudy philosophers have caught; and all of them, with their dark descriptions, and ill-applied and hastily-applied epithets, can never be, some few pieces only excepted, ranked among the classics of the language. But with all the barrenness of this age in finished poetical works, there lie unused the richest materials for the artist. Let a man of lofty genius arise, and let that genius be guided by strict taste and the true idea of his art, let him strive after the noble, and the

classical, and the true, giving no heed to the abominable perversions, after which the generation hath run mad; let him go to the genuine springs of the English speech, and drink deeply therefrom; then let him give the world, with honest old Saxon straight-forwardness the thoughts of his mind and the feelings of his heart, and the world will promptly leave its strange idols of today, to bow down and worship him forever.

ART. VIII. — *The Emigrant, or Reflections while descending the Ohio. A Poem.* Cincinnati: Alexander Flash. 1833. 8vo. pp. 48.

THIS poem comes to us without the author's name, though it contains a few allusions to his history. It is literally the production of an emigrant to the West, a lawyer by profession — last from Baltimore; but the place of his nativity and earliest years is not disclosed. He looks forward to the meeting of one female friend, for whom he expresses a strong filial affection, and apostrophises another, in a still tenderer relation, his "Mary," who is left behind, almost lost to "hope," but not to "memory." He, however, recalls a word:

"No! 'while there's life, there's hope,' at least, in love;
 Hope that the two shall not be always twain: —
 Will it not find its home — that parted dove —
 Though severed far o'er mountain and o'er main?
 Though night o'ertake it, though the tempests rise,
 Alike through cloudy, and through smiling skies,
 Onward it hastens; and, with panting breast,
 Nestles at home at last, and loves the more its nest."

The poem begins, not with an invocation, but with the following address to the "Ohio."

"We both are pilgrims, wild and winding river!
 Both wandering onward to the boundless west —
 But thou art given by the good All-giver,
 Blessing a land to be in turn most blest:
 While, like a leaf-borne insect, floating by,
 Chanceful and changeable is my destiny;
 I needs must follow where thy currents lave —
 Perchance to find a home, or else, perchance, a grave."

The thoughts of the poet immediately recur to home and its former scenes; — to his present loneliness and ill-health.

As a specimen of these "reflections of a sombre cast," of which he speaks in the "Preface," we select the following:

"In sickness and in sorrow, how the breast
Will garner its affections in their home!
Like stricken bird that cowers within its nest,
And feels no more an anxiousness to roam;
While a thick darkness, like a cloud, comes o'er
The gallant spirit; — it can rise no more
To wing its way, as if it sought the sky,
But falls to earth, forlorn, as though it fell to die."

Still the author does not force the appearances of nature around him into a unison with his own feelings:

—————"But here
There is no sympathy with mortal tear:
The skies are smiling, and the forests rise
In their green glory up, aspirers to the skies! —

"And the wild river, laughing, laves its banks —
A babbler — like a happy-hearted girl,
Dancing along with free and frolic pranks;
The leaves, o'erhanging, tremble like the curl
That plays upon her forehead as she goes —
While, 'mid the branches, free from human woes,
The wild bird carols to its happy mate,
Glad in the present hour, nor anxious for its fate."

The aboriginal tenants of the soil, the red men, are not forgotten, nor the white men who first visited them. And lastly the sight of "Blennerhasset's Island" leads him, from the incidents which every American citizen associates with it, to several patriotic strains, and a lofty eulogy of freedom, and of our free institutions. We close our extracts with two stanzas, not immediately following each other, near the end of the poem.

"Auspicious Time! unroll the scroll of years —
Behold our pious pilgrim fathers, when
They launch'd their little bark and braved all fears,
Those peril-seeking, freedom-loving men!
Bless thee, thou Stream! abiding blessings bless
Thy farthest wave — Nile of the wilderness!
And be thy broad lands peopled far and wide,
With hearts as free as his who now doth bless thy tide."

"There is a welcome in this Western Land
Like the old welcomes, which were said to give
The friendly heart where'er they gave the hand;
Within this soil the social virtues live,

Like its own forest trees, unprun'd and free —
At least there is one welcome here for me :
A breast that pillowed all my sorrows past,
And waits my coming now, and loved me first and last."

The occasion of the poem and the circumstances attending its composition, are described by the author so honestly as to supersede some critical remarks to which it would be otherwise fairly exposed.

" This Poem was written under the circumstances which its title implies. Three years since, as the author was descending the Ohio, to become a citizen of the West, he wrote a considerable number of stanzas, expressive of his feelings, six or eight of which were published as a fragment on his arrival in Cincinnati, in the *Commercial Daily Advertiser*, and republished and noticed by different prints in a way that induced the author, from time to time, to add stanzas to stanzas, until they almost imperceptibly reached their present number. He wrote on, without any previous study of the style or manner in which the subject should be pursued — using the poetic license of light and shade, as *Fancy* dictated. Being in ill health, and coming to a strange land, it was very natural for his *Reflections* to be of a sombre cast, without there being anything peculiar in his situation differing from that of other *Emigrants*." p. vi.

We may well expect, after this explanation, to find the poem very miscellaneous and unequal, and such we find it to be. We perceive in it strong demonstrations of amiable feeling and moral purity. Though not destitute in general of vigor, yet it contains some stanzas and many lines both feeble and prosaic; but, on the whole, it does so much credit to the writer's head and heart, that we should be pleased to see this "first attempt at authorship" followed by some of the "many manuscript pieces which the author has by him." Thus far he appears to be free from affectation, (except here and there a chiming play upon words,) imitating no school, but relying upon himself. This of itself is hopeful. Still there is need of a more severe use of the file, and by this means, with further practice, it may be that he will more than fulfil the expectations raised by this his first production "in the shape of a volume."

ART. IX.—*The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings.* By JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M. D., F. R. S., Author of "Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers," &c. [Harper's Family Library, No. 58.] New York: J. & J. Harper. 1833.

THIS is the second appearance of Dr Abercrombie in the field of philosophical inquiry. In a former number of our journal, we had the pleasure of recording our approving testimony to his work on the Intellectual Powers, and with the same cordiality we welcome the present volume. We would assign to it an honorable place amongst the contemporaneous literature of our language. This volume is in some respects inferior to its predecessor. It has none of that professional illustration, by which the former work was enriched, and by which some light and interest were imparted to the abstract subjects of mental philosophy. By this deficiency we have been much disappointed. We should have expected that his great professional experience, and habits of close observation and philosophical reflection, would have supplied our author with abundant and valuable materials for illustrating the moral constitution and phenomena of our race. He certainly might have given us some lessons on the *morbid anatomy* of our moral nature, and so have added one new chapter to Moral Philosophy.

The physician has peculiar opportunities for observing, amidst the infirmities and distresses and decay of the body, the varying aspects of the sympathising spirit; in the various periods and circumstances of sickness; in the anguish of disease, in the tediousness of confinement, in the prospect of dissolution, in the fear of death, and the hope of recovery; in the effects of sickness upon the moral character of the convalescent, we should think the acutely observing, the right minded and philanthropic physician, would find much instruction, to which no other person has so free and extensive access. The sick chamber is peculiarly the scene of great moral strength and moral weakness, and exhibits many striking, moral phenomena, which are not seen abroad in the healthy, stirring world. It is true that the ethical conclusions must be drawn with great caution and discrimination from such exhibitions. They furnish hints

and illustrations, rather than logical data. But our author surely might have made something of them, and something which might well have taken the place of some of the sections which he has given us. But there is nothing of this. The old track is taken, the old ground is gone over, without deviation or novelty.

We do not think that the work before us adds anything to ethical science, as a science. It contains no original or very profound views; and in its theoretical character, there are some points on which we doubt its truth and soundness. We will not enter into a critical examination of its precepts. We think, however, our author is rather too bold and comprehensive in his enumeration of First Truths, or ultimate facts not to be proved or accounted for. He has not taken due counsel with Butler, Mackintosh, and others, on the principle of Self-love. He does not, in our opinion, assign to Reason that high and important office to which it is entitled, both in the theory and the practice of morals. And he writes in that loose and accommodating style about Conscience, which we always find and always expect to find, in theories which make conscience an innate, distinct and independent faculty.

But though Dr Abercrombie does not write very profoundly, he does write in a remarkably clear, pure and pleasant style. He writes, moreover, in a healthy, Christian spirit, with the manifest desire and ability to do good. No one can read his book without being instructed and profited. The faults constitute the exceptions to the work, not its character. We owe an acknowledgment of thanks to the publishers of the Family Library, for incorporating works of this elevated and useful stamp in their well selected series. And we cordially join in the tribute of respect and admiration universally paid to the distinguished author, who is able and disposed to employ in this excellent way, the few fragmentary spaces of time which he can snatch from the duties of a laborious profession. Especially do we honor the man who preserves so fully his respect and charity for human nature, amid the pursuits of a calling, which we fear is not most favorable to the cultivation of those feelings.

ART. X.—*Colloquies of Erasmus, with a Vocabulary for Classical Schools.* Edited by CHARLES K. DILLAWAY. Boston: J. H. A. Frost, &c. 1833. 12mo. pp. 211.

IN the changing fashions, which affect education as well as less important matters, it is grateful to see old favorites restored to honor. It serves to reconcile us in some measure to such revolutions, when the ejection of an ancient servant occasions him, not only to be missed, but to be taken back into greater favor than ever.

We trust that such is the case with the "*Colloquies of Erasmus*," republished by Mr Dillaway. They have long been out of use in our schools. We think this has been a mistake, the evils of which we see. To say nothing of the wisdom and satire of Erasmus, the boys of the second form have missed his humor and adaptation to their juvenile tastes and capacities. And more than all, teachers have felt the loss of the flexible, familiar, and, as it were, living Latin of his *Colloquies*, which interests the pupil, and makes him feel, that the old Tuscan is a language of *affairs*, and that men not only have spoken, but may speak it.

It is a sad result of the prevailing method of studying it, that the majority of boys, ay, and of men among us, have no such feeling. They learn by hearsay, rather than personal knowledge, that the Latin is the mother-language of the law of ancient Rome and modern Europe; the treasure-house of universal science for almost two thousand years; and the common bond of scholars. The range of books which they read is too limited, for them to feel how practical, expressive, and copious this dead tongue is; and how great its flexibility and dignity, fulness and precision, acuteness and force.

But their ideas of its power, as a living and speaking instrument, are yet more feeble and inadequate. Never cultivating it as such, they seldom realize, that not merely Roman historians, orators and poets, wrote it, but that a people spoke it, and fulfilled through it the daily and hourly purposes of busy life. Its accents, once "winged" and resonant, now sleep voiceless in the pages of great writers, past and gone; and, like mutes, address the eye, but ring no more on the ear. The American scholar, for the most part, is familiar with the written symbols alone, and those in

books of not the most practical character. Hence he fails to feel, that the unwritten tones served the Romans at the sail, the plough, and the loom; were the heralds of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, to the multitude; by whose aid they bought and sold; made ready the sword, and pledged the wine-cup; welcomed the living, and bade the dead farewell.

On these accounts, we commend Mr Dillaway for editing the "Colloquies." Their introduction into general use again, will be a step towards remedying a material deficiency in the present system of studying Latin. None can read them, stripping or sage, without having new views of the adaptation of the Latin to things, as well as of the sense and pleasantry of the writer.

In this edition, the aid usually furnished in notes, is interspersed in a vocabulary, which the peculiarities of the author rendered necessary. There is an advantage in this; the pupil is compelled to search for assistance. If we may hazard a suggestion "extra cathedram," we think it would increase the benefit derived from reading the Colloquies, if besides construing, parsing, and giving the etymologies, the boys should be required (occasionally, at least,) to commit the words and phrases. If the additional time which this will take, be an objection in the minds of any, we would say to such, in the words of Erasmus, "sat cito, si sat bene."

ART. XI. — *Remarks on the Influence of Mental Cultivation and Mental Excitement upon Health.* By AMARIAH BRIGHAM, M. D. Second Edition. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon. 1833. 12mo. pp. 130.

WE ought to have noticed this little work before it came to its second edition, and should have done so, if it had not escaped our observation. That this, we believe the first literary effort of its author, has been successful, is very clear. We are glad of a success so well deserved. The book is in itself a good one, and is of value as an evidence that its author has been diligent in the study of every subject bearing upon his profession. We wish that we had grounds for believing that there are many members of that profession, in town or country, who strive to keep their minds bright

and active, by the careful study of the works of great men, as well as by the observation of nature. We fear the standard of book learning is yet rather low among them; that reading is not properly rated as a means of gaining knowledge; and that thus not only there is lost much valuable information, but a certain liberality of sentiment as well as comprehensiveness of intellect, which nothing can give like a familiarity with minds of distant times and other countries.

The subject of the book is that of all absorbing interest, education, particularly of the young; its dangers and its deficiencies; or more exactly and in his own words, "the influence which the exercise of intellectual faculties has upon the health, growth, and proper developement of the body."

The subject is introduced with some very just remarks, which are confirmed by every day's experience.

"The peculiarly intellectual character of the present age, the high mental excitement which pervades all classes of society, and of which the child partakes in its very infancy, render it more important now, than it has ever been before, for men, and particularly for the inhabitants of the United States, to possess correct views upon this subject. In this country, where the government and institutions are of the most liberal character, where the highest honors and distinctions are put into one common market, and made the rewards of personal merit, men are constantly stimulated to mental industry. The accidental circumstances of fortune, parentage, or the favor of the great, have here but little control; the power to gain high and desirable stations is to be derived from knowledge; and nobility and dignity of character belong only to those who possess enlarged and cultivated minds.

"Hence we find, that, by all classes of the community, the culture of the mind is considered as the first and most important pursuit, especially for those in early life. The parent whose own education was deficient, soon perceives its value, in the influence and power with which it rewards those around him who do possess it, and is willing to make great exertions to enable his children to acquire that knowledge which it was his misfortune not to have obtained. Though he has never expected, for himself, any other station in society than that of a daily laborer in the field or the work-shop; yet he aims to prepare his son for a different fortune, and aspires to place him among the most distinguished of the learned, or among the rulers of his country. Conscious that without education such an elevation cannot be attained, he becomes earnestly desirous of the mental improvement of his child: he watches over his infancy with intense

anxiety, endeavoring to call forth and strengthen at an early period those powers of mind which will enable him in future years to sway and delight mankind." pp. 13, 14.

Is not that great propensity to over education, which prevails in our community and marks our times, here accounted for? And is it not true, and if true, is it not quite explicable, that *talent* and the display of mere intellectual ability have an inordinately high estimate with us?

In the first section, in which is illustrated the connexion between the brain and the mind, will be found many facts interesting to the general reader. It concludes with the following paragraph.

"The healthy condition and proper exercise of the brain, are therefore far more important than of any other organ of the body, for we might as well expect good digestion with a diseased stomach, or good music from a broken instrument, as a good mind with a disordered, enfeebled, or improperly developed brain. And yet, how little regard has been paid to these important truths, in the cultivation of the mind! While people are exceedingly fearful of enfeebling and destroying digestion, by exciting and overtasking the stomach, they do not appear to think they may enfeeble or derange the operation of the mind by exciting the brain, by tasking it when it is tender and imperfectly developed, as it is in childhood." p. 33.

The next section is devoted to considering the condition of the brain in early life, and to confirming and illustrating the position, that the brain is at that period peculiarly susceptible of disease, and liable to injury from too much exercise. And this is especially true in all instances of precocity of the intellect, itself too often but a sign and sequel of disease. Yet it is precisely in such cases that parents are most apt to do wrong. Nor is this to be wondered at. They do not suffer their children to overload themselves with food; they permit no long walks, nor heavy burdens to their tender limbs, for the danger here is palpable. Things evidently material are concerned. Both causes and effects are open to the senses, and it is easy to see that repletion will produce disgust, and too much muscular exertion fatigue; but that a thought can tire, that the intellectual power can grow weary, are matters not so easily apprehended, and accordingly the ready child is encouraged, and sometimes even urged in his intellectual progress, whilst any sign of exhaustion is referred

to fatigue from bodily exercise, and the mischief goes on, until the brain will do its task no longer, and serious disease appearing, the parent learns too late, that mind and matter are not in this case independent.

To avoid evils like these the author advises that all instructors of youth should pay some attention to anatomy and physiology.

"Few things, I think, will be more surprising to future generations than the fact, that those whose business it is, in this enlightened age, to cultivate the human mind, were ignorant of the organ by which the mind acts, and of course were inattentive to the condition of that organ." p. 52.

One or two anecdotes told to show the influence of diseased excitement of various kinds upon the brain, are very curious.

" 'I have often,' says Pinel, 'stopped at the chamber door of a literary gentleman, who, during his paroxysms, appears to soar above the mediocrity of intellect that was familiar to him, solely to admire his *newly acquired* powers of eloquence. He declaimed upon the subject of the revolution with all the force, and dignity and purity of language, that this very interesting subject could admit of. At other times he was a man of very ordinary abilities.' " p. 38.

"Dr Abercrombie relates the case of a boy, who was trepanned for a fracture of the skull, at the age of four. He was at the time in complete stupor, and after his recovery retained no recollection of the operation. At the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave a correct description of the operation, and the persons that were present at it, with their dress and other minute particulars. It is added, that he had never been heard to allude to it before, and no means are known by which he could have acquired a knowledge of the circumstances he mentioned." pp. 38, 39.

"Mr Combe mentions the case of a porter, who, in a state of intoxication, left a parcel at a wrong house, and, when sober, could not recollect what he had done with it. But the next time he became stimulated with liquor, he recollected where he had left it." p. 39.

In his third section the author speaks his mind freely upon the subject of Infant schools; and we agree with him in condemning them, when considered simply as a means of mental culture. It is only as safe depositories for the neg-

lected children of the poor, that we can tolerate them, and even in this light, their utility is perhaps questionable. In this connexion we find these remarks.

"Many think that the child who has spent the day in constructing his little dam, and his mill, in the brook, or the stream that runs in the gutter; or in rearing his house of clods or of snow, or in making himself a sled or cart, has been but idle, and deserves censure for a waste of his time, and a failure to learn anything. But this is a great error of judgment; for, while he has thus followed the dictates of nature, both his mind and body have been active, and thereby improved. To him anything which he sees and hears and feels is new, and nature teaches him to examine the causes of his various sensations, and of the phenomena which he witnesses. For him, the Book of Nature is the *best book*, and if he is permitted to go forth among the wonders of creation, he will gather instruction by the eye, the ear, and by all his senses.

"He is for a while just as ignorant that stones are hard, that snow will melt, that ice is cold, that a fall from the tree will hurt him, and a thousand other common facts, as he is of a 'parallelogram,' or 'perimeter,' or the 'diameter of the sun,' or the 'pericarpium of flowers,' or of many other similar things, which some think important for infants to know. If his time is constantly occupied in learning the last, he will grow up ignorant of many common truths, and fail in the best of all learning, *common sense*." pp. 56, 57.

Great men, he says, have never been "indebted to early *hot-house culture*" for their elevation, but rather to their *self education* in after life.

In the fifth section the author speaks of the influence of mental cultivation and mental excitement in producing insanity and other diseases.

"We have no means of determining, correctly, the number of insane persons in the United States; but if there are as many in the other states of the Union as in Connecticut, the whole number cannot be less than *fifty thousand or one in every two hundred and sixtytwo* of the population, as is evident from the following facts. In the year 1812, a committee was appointed to ascertain the number of insane persons in the state of Connecticut. This committee addressed letters to physicians, and other persons in every town in the state, requesting correct information upon this subject. They received answers from *seventy towns*, and, after much deliberation and inquiry, reported, they were 'satisfied there were *one thousand* individuals within the bounds of the state,

mentally deranged, and that the condition of many of them was truly deplorable.' On mentioning this statement, recently, to the distinguished physician of the *Retreat for the Insane*, at Hartford, and my surprise at the great number reported by the Committee, he assured me, it was less than he believed the actual number of insane persons in Connecticut. But if we admit there were 1000 individuals mentally deranged in 1812, or 1 in every 262 of the inhabitants, then there were more than twice as many in this deplorable condition as in any country in Europe, in proportion to the population. The number of the insane in Europe has increased within the last twenty years; still there are but about 14,000 in that country, one half of whom are idiots.

"In Scotland, the proportion of insane to the population, is 1 to 574; and in the agricultural districts of England, 1 to 820. There is, however, more insanity in England than in any other country of Europe." pp. 76, 77.

For the great prevalence of this disease in this country, as elsewhere, we must look chiefly to moral causes.

"Thus we find that insanity prevails most in those countries where people enjoy civil and religious freedom, where every person has liberty to engage in the strife for the highest honors and stations in society, and where the road to wealth and distinction of every kind is equally open to all. There is but little insanity in those countries where the government is despotic. The inhabitants of such countries possess but little mental activity compared with those who live in a republic, or under a representative government. There is but little insanity in China, and travellers state that there is but little in Turkey. The disease is uncommon in Spain and also in Russia, out of the large cities. In France there is much less in the country than in the cities. Humboldt states that he saw very few cases of mental derangement among the American savages." p. 78.

Among the causes of the alarming prevalence of insanity in this country the following are mentioned;

"First, Too constant and too powerful excitement of the mind, which the strife for wealth, office, political distinction, and party success produces in this free country.

"Second, The predominance given to the nervous system, by too early cultivating the mind and exciting the feelings of children.

"Third, Neglect of physical education, or the equal and proper development of all the organs of the body.

"Fourth, The general and powerful excitement of the female mind." pp. 80, 81.

The whole of this section deserves the attentive perusal of every lover of his country and of his race.

After some remarks on moral cultivation, and the necessity and advantages of it, and upon the benefit arising to the health from mental cultivation in the proper measure and at the proper period of life, we come to that weighty matter, dyspepsia, as it appears in literary men. And on this subject we are not quite agreed with our author. He says, "dyspepsia is generally considered a disease of the stomach primarily. But I apprehend that in a majority of cases, especially among students, it is primarily a disease of the brain and nervous system, and is perpetuated by mental excitement." In support of this opinion he writes at some length and states his reasons fully. We are willing to admit that irritation of the brain may be a frequent cause of dyspepsia. The undue excitement of the passions or affections, does without doubt frequently induce it. And so it is possible, that long continued intellectual labor may, in some states of the body, by exhausting the nervous system, be followed by the same effect. But it is very rare at least, that the labor of thinking and of study is carried so far as this. And we must still think that dyspepsia is primarily a disease of the stomach, induced in literary men as in others, by injudicious diet, and irregular and insufficient muscular exercise. One of Dr Brigham's reasons for his opinion is that dyspepsia is a disease chiefly confined to literary men ; or to those in whom, from long continued exercise of the brain, the nervous system predominates. He says, strangely enough, that tailors and shoemakers are not particularly liable to dyspepsia, which should be the case, if it were brought on by sedentary habits. And he insinuates that it is rarely to be found among those whose minds have been but little cultivated, and adduces instances from savage life, from among the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, who know not what indigestion is, in support of his statements. Now some of the worst cases of dyspepsia we have ever seen, have appeared in shoemakers, and tailors also we believe to be very liable to the disease. Certainly no class of people are greater sufferers from it than those females who devote themselves to the needle ; and it cannot be imagined that irritation of the brain, from mental cultivation, is the source of the evil here.

We have said more on this subject than we should have

done, had we not thought the opinions of Dr Brigham likely to have some weight, and consequently to do some harm, by bringing a heavier charge against study, than it ought to bear.

After all, our difference in opinion is probably more apparent than real; and Dr B. has, perhaps, expressed himself in a manner less qualified than he would care to maintain.

On the whole, we have been much pleased with the book, and earnestly recommend its doctrines to the attention of students, and teachers of youth. The subject admits of being much farther carried out, and we should like to see this done by none better than by the author himself.

ART. XII. — *The National School Manual; a regular and connected Course of Elementary Studies, embracing the necessary and useful Branches of a Common Education.* In four Parts [Volumes]. Compiled from the latest and most approved Authors. By M. R. BARTLETT. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea.

IN speaking of a school-book in one of our former numbers, we approved of the plan of its author, "The essential point of which is, that the scholar should be taught but one thing at a time." Mr Bartlett perhaps will say that this is his plan also. But the little fragments of different branches of learning which alternately succeed each other, and crowd in juxtaposition upon the same page, do not speak very favorably for his judgment in accomplishing such a purpose, if such be his purpose. The first half dozen chapters include only lessons in the alphabet, in spelling, and in reading, to which we have no particular objection, except that better books of the same kind may be found. After the lessons of each chapter, a list of questions is carefully noted for exhausting every circumstance and phrase in the lesson, and for teasing the puling infant. For example:

"CHAP. III. (Lesson 2.) Reading. — A bad boy had a dog, and the dog ran mad and bit a pig, and a cow, and a lad; and the pig and cow will die; but I hope the lad will get well and live many days.

"Questions. — Lesson 2. Who had a dog? What befell him? What did he bite? What will befall the pig and the cow? What is hoped of the lad?"

We do not see the moral of the story. A good boy, we suppose, may have a dog, and the dog may become mad; and the bite of a mad dog is about as likely to be fatal to a child, as to a pig.

As the author of the Manual proceeds in his work, the subjects increase. For instance: *Spelling, Reading, Counting.* — *Spelling, Reading, Arithmetic.* — *Spelling, Reading, Arithmetic, Grammar.* — *Spelling, Reading, Arithmetic, Rhetoric.* — *Spelling, Conversations, Arithmetic, Rhetoric.* Last of all, *Geographical, Historical, Geography and History.* — Then too there is the ingenious contrivance of an Appendix to each part, or volume, wherein to cast the heterogeneous matters that could not be otherwise disposed of. For example: Appendix to Part I. *Arithmetical Tables, Writing Characters, Punctuation, Prosody, and Chronology.* — Appendix to Part II. *Elements of Geography.* — Appendix to Part III. *Accounts, Notes, Receipts, Bonds, &c. Constitutions of the United States and of New York, &c.* — Appendix to Part IV. *Elements of Natural Philosophy, Astronomy and Chemistry, Natural History, embracing the Vegetable and Animal Kingdom,* being, we suppose, small matters not entitled to a place in the body of the work, but valuable enough to be thrown into the more obscure parts.

Ever and anon a sage axiom or note is thrust in to aid the teacher. — Qu. Is the following note designed for the teacher or pupil? What does it teach?

“Series of Serieses. NOTE I. Two or more single particulars, combined with two or more compound particulars, and all united in forming a sentence, constitute the series of serieses.”

If we substitute *book* for *sentence*, in this note, it will give a faint notion of the extraordinary series of volumes entitled “The National School Manual.” Of all the patch-work which our eyes have ever beheld, this is one of the most unsightly specimens.

ERRATUM IN No. XXI.

Page 259, line 13, for *impurity* read *purity*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS,
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1833.

ENGLISH BOOKS REPRINTED.

- England and the English. By the Author of Pelham. New York.
Dramatic Scenes in Real Life. By Lady Morgan. New York.
Martin Faber, the History of a Criminal. New York.
Great Britain in 1833, by Baron de Haussey. Philadelphia.
Poems, by Mrs Norton. Boston.
Men and Manners in America, by the Author of Cyril Thornton.
New York.
Memoirs of the Life and Imprisonment of Silvio Pellico, translated
by Thomas Roscoe. New York.
Polynesian Researches, by Wm. Ellis. 2 vols. New York.
A Subaltern's Furlough, descriptive of various Scenes in Canada
and the United States. By F. T. Coke. New York.
Transatlantic Sketches, by J. E. Alexander. New York.
The Contrast. By Earl Musgrave. Philad.
An Essay on the Improvement of Society by the Diffusion of Know-
edge. By Thomas Dick. New York.

LAW.

- Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Judicial
Court of Massachusetts. By Octavius Pickering, Counsellor at Law,
No 1.—vol. XI. Boston.
Treatises on Average and Adjustment of Losses in Marine Insurance.
By Stevens and Benecke. With Notes by Willard Phillips. Boston.

POETRY.

- Zophiel, the Bride of Seven. Boston.
Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique, translated from the Spanish. With
an Introductory Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain.
By H. W. Longfellow. Boston.
Poems and Prose Writings. By Richard H. Dana. Boston, Rus-
sell, Odiorne & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Jack Halliard's Voyages and Adventures in the Arctic Ocean.
Boston.
A Discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown Univer-
sity. By Virgil Maxcy. Boston.
Observations on Texas, Historical, Geographical, and Descriptive.
By Mary Austin Holley. Boston.
Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832, by an American. New York.

Introductory Discourse before the American Institute of Instruction, August 24, 1833. By Wm. Sullivan. Boston.

Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Vol. I. New Series. Boston.

Life of Bishop Dehon of South Carolina. By C. E. Gadsden. Charleston.

The Harpe's Head, a Legend of Kentucky. By James Hall. Phila

THEOLOGY.

Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By Moses Stuart, 2d edition. Andover.

Review of Professor Norton's Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians. New Haven.

MEDICINE.

Tuson's Dissector's Guide or Student's Companion. By Winslow Lewis, jr. M. D. Boston.

HISTORY.

History of Harvard University from its foundation in 1636, to the Period of the American Revolution. By the late Benjamin Peirce, A. M. Librarian to the University. Cambridge.

AGRICULTURE.

Address before the South Carolina Agricultural Society. By D. K. Whitaker. Charleston.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of Zerah Colburn, written by Himself. Springfield, Mass.